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TO THE GODS
OF HELLAS

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED
FOR THE
ASSOCIATE ALUMNAE OF
BARNARD COLLEGE
BY THE
ALUMNAE COUNCIL



BARNARD COLLEGE

FOUNDED A.D. 1899
WAS NAMED IN HONOR OF
FREDERICK A.P. BARNARD
PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE
1864 - 1889
THE MOST ADVOCATE OF THE
EDUCATION OF WOMEN TO
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

NO ONE IS ANY LONGER
WEEK ENOUGH TO ARGUE
THAT WOMEN SHOULD BE
DENIED THE EDUCATIONAL
ADVANTAGES WHICH THE
UNIVERSITIES OFFER ON THE
GROUND OF ANY NATURAL
INCAPACITY IN THE SEX TO
PROFIT BY THEM

THEY WERE FIRST OPENED BY BARNARD, 1899

THESE TABLETS ARE
THE GIFT OF THE CLASS OF 1914
JUNE, 1924

SARAH JOSEPHA GAMBLE

BORN 1806 DIED 1876

EDUCATED AT COLUMBIA COLLEGE

AND COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

WAS THE FIRST WOMAN TO

RECEIVE A B.A. FROM COLUMBIA

UNIVERSITY IN 1884

TO THE GODS OF HELLAS

LYRICS OF THE GREEK GAMES
AT BARNARD COLLEGE

EDITED BY

HELEN ERSKINE



NEW YORK

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

1930

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THE RUNNER (FRONTISPIECE)

The line of Greek engraved on the base of the statue by Chester Beach is taken from Aeschylus' tragedy *Agamemnon*. In form the letters are such as were commonly used for inscriptions at Athens about 400 B.C. In the modern type the line looks thus:

Νικᾷ δ' ὁ πρῶτος καὶ τελευταῖος δραμών.

“Victor is he that runs first and last.”

In the original passage Clytemnestra is describing the chain of fire-signals by means of which the news of the capture of Troy was relayed to Argos. With splendid imagery she puts into her account an allusion to the torch-race, a form of contest apparently introduced at Athens not long before 458 B.C., the date of the first production of *Agamemnon*. The victory is said to go to “the first and last runner” because all the runners, not merely the final one, of the winning side, are responsible for it.

ΕΙΣ ΚΟΡΗΝ ΛΑΜΠΑΔΗΦΟΡΟΝ

Αἶψα τρέχουσα κόρη, ἄρ' οἶσθ' ὀπόθεν φάος ἦλθεν
 τοῦθ' ὃ φέρεις ἡμῖν; πρῶτ' ἀπὸ Κασταλίας
 ἢ γ' ἀπὸ Παρνασοῦ χιονοκτύπου ἦξεν, ἐπειδὴ
 ἦψε Διώνυσος λαμπάδα νυκτιφανῇ,
 Βακχιάδας κατάγων ἐπὶ δειράσιν ἡνεμοέσσαις,
 πεύκην ἐκκόψας φωσφόρον ἔσσομένην,
 πάντες τ' ἀθάνατοι θάμβουν· ἐχάρη μὲν Ἀπόλλων,
 πλῆξε δὲ χρυσεῖην τερψίνοον κίθαριν,
 ἀντήχησε δὲ γαῖα, βροτοῖς δ' ἠγέρθη αἰοιδή·
 ἐξ οὗ δὴ μολπή πέπταται ἔμμελῶς
 ἀνδράσιν ἠδὲ γυναιξίν· ἐκεῖναι γὰρ μέλος ἔσχον·
 δῖα γυνὴ Σαπφώ, ἠδὲ Κόριννα σοφή,
 ἢ καὶ Πινδάρου ὑψιπετοῦ νόον ἐξεδίδαξεν·
 ἄλλαι δ' αἷς θρέψεν Πιερίας ὕδατα.
 οὐποτ' αἰστώσει φθονερὸς χρόνος οὔτε παλαιῶν
 μαρμαρυγὴν δαΐδων οὔτε χάριν μελέων·
 χαίρουσιν γὰρ θεοὶ Μοῦσῃ τε λύρα τε γυναικῶν,
 ὥς ποτ' ἐν Ἑλλάδι γῆ, νῦν καὶ ἐν Ἑσπερίοις.

— EDWARD DELAVAN PERRY

TO A TORCH-BEARING MAIDEN

(TRANSLATION)

Swift-running maiden, knowest thou whence comes the light thou bringest us?

It shone out first from Kastalia, or from snow-beaten Parnassus, when Dionysus had kindled the night-gleaming torch, as he led the Bacchants along the windy ridges, after cutting the pine tree to be a bearer of light, and all the immortals wondered. Apollo rejoiced, and struck his golden lyre that charms the heart; and the earth reëchoed, and song was roused among mortals. Since that time poesy is tunefully spread among men and women; for these also have gained glory: divine Sappho, and Korinna who taught even the mind of the soaring Pindar, and others whom the waters of Pieria nourished.

Never shall grudging time destroy either the twinkling of the ancient torches or the charm of songs; for the gods delight in the poesy and the song of women — as of old in Greek lands, so now among the Western folk.

— EDWARD DELAVAN PERRY

GREEK GAMES AND BARNARD

We who have watched with affectionate interest for many years the growth of our lovely spring festival at Barnard, Greek Games, welcome this volume of lyrics, a few charming flowers gathered from that rich garden of beauty which blossoms afresh each year under the stimulus of Greek myth and art.

One of the best features of the Games is that they are a purely spontaneous, local growth, developing gradually and naturally among the Barnard undergraduates. They originated in the spring of 1903, when a few energetic members of the Class of 1905, then sophomores, thought it would be amusing to challenge the freshmen to an informal and private athletic contest, with a suggestion of the ancient Greek festival about it, and including a competition in poetry. The event proved such very good fun that the students continued it as an annual festival for the sophomore and freshmen classes. From a simple, sketchy, and crude beginning, it has developed from year to year and it is still growing. Mainly athletic at first, it is now dominated chiefly by the aesthetic and intellectual elements. This change was due largely to the intro-

duction, in 1908, by the Class of 1910, of a competition in chorus and dance.

The elaborate structure of the Games, a blend of poetry, music, dance, costume, and athletics, grows largely out of the students' work in their college courses. The dance and the athletic contests are a culmination of much of the work of the freshman and sophomore prescribed courses in Physical Education; the poetry, the costuming, and the music are closely related to the work of the Departments of English, Greek and Latin, and Music. The festival, moreover, unites these elements in a somewhat unique whole. The athletic it makes aesthetic, and the aesthetic, intellectual, and blends them all with a spirit of youth and enthusiasm and striving for beauty. It is a rather interesting example of the modern use of play and pageant in education.

Like so many of those of classic Hellas, this festival is a contest, a fact which is of great importance. In the first place, it makes the occasion far more alive and thrilling than any mere pageant, however beautiful, could be. The spirit of striving and competition for the glory of the class keeps every student alert and on tip-toe with interest and enthusiasm and takes away all self-consciousness. It forces the students, moreover, to invent and develop their work for themselves.

Our Games seem quite worthy of a college environ-

ment and are a peculiarly appropriate form of diversion for college students. For one afternoon at least they lead some four hundred girls back into what seems a little like that bright and beautiful world of ancient Hellas, where, as we feel, bodies were all young and lithe and active, costume and setting blended in lovely and balanced beauty, the atmosphere was clear and untroubled, and the spirit of the world fresh and strong. It is as worth while, perhaps, as many a formal college course, to enable these young students to taste the joy of physical effort, of enthusiasm, and of beauty in sound, in words, in form, in color, and in motion. Spectators of older years forget the inevitable crudities of the picture and are strangely touched by the spirit of youth which permeates the Games. It is good for us all to live for a few hours in that atmosphere of striving and enthusiasm, of beauty and youth.

— VIRGINIA C. GILDERSLEEVE

GREEK GAMES: AN APPRECIATION

The Greek Games of Barnard College are poetic in the Greek sense of imaginative composition. They unite the arts of song and choral dance; and they are Greek most of all in their constant movement. Their beauty of color and grouping does not distinguish them from the pageantry of other colleges; but their movement, from the play of individual emotion to the choral progress of the mythical theme, ranges quite beyond pageantry. No other college festival opens a wider field for communal artistic creation.

— CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN

EXTRACT FROM "THE BOWLING GREEN"

In *The New York Evening Post* of Tuesday, April 17, 1923

. . . a very enchanting spectacle, the Greek Games at Barnard College. We had expected complicated manœuvres, a bit pallid and formal, with endless gyrations of white drapery; instead of which one of the most colorful, spirited, and enthusiastic fantasies we have ever dreamed of . . . The games this year were dedicated to Demeter, and we feel sure she would have enjoyed them. Those brief tunics of rich, tawny colors, the hurrying bare legs, the antiphonal songs and taunts ejaculated by the rival classes — classic themes alternating with robust contemporary doggerel — and most of all the athletic contests, seemed to us truly in the natural, infectious spirit we imagine as Greek. The hurdling, hoop rolling, torch race and "chariot" race pleased us best. In the latter four young persons, pretending to be horses, tossing their bobbed manes and fidgeting and pawing like spirited equines, pull a small gilded cart, in which the charioteer utters Greek cries about "Hippoi mou!" It was as beautifully mad, comic, and lovely as anything we have ever seen. . . .

—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

FOREWORD

To some of us the Greek Games at Barnard, the annual contest between Freshmen and Sophomores, are a source of encouragement against those who fear that beauty is passing from our life. For a number of years the girls at this college have expressed their class rivalry in a contest in singing, in dancing, and in poetry, with processions and dramatic scenes. Their costumes, in the Greek mode, they design themselves, they compose the music as well as the words of their choruses, and they drill themselves in their dramatic dances. Competent specialists in the various arts award the points for each event in the contest. At the conclusion of these events follow certain traditional Greek games, discus throwing and torch racing, chariot races, and hurdling. In these athletic games, as in the earlier part of the program, the aim is beauty of motion and rhythm, rather than mere superiority in strength and speed.

Each year these games are built upon a Greek myth, upon the story of Demeter, for example, or on some legend of Apollo. There is a competition in lyric poetry, with the myth as the theme. The best of those lyrics are collected in this volume.

These charming poems, therefore, were all written for an occasion. It is customary in modern criticism to say that poetry written for an occasion is likely to be forced and uninspired. Perhaps it makes a difference if the occasion has already gathered around it an inspiring glamour in its own right. The girls who wrote these poems had in most cases witnessed the games of the preceding year, and knew what a standard of beauty they must meet. It is worth remembering that the Greek dramatists also wrote for an occasion, and many of the lyric poets as well, and the Greek sculptor almost invariably exercised his art in the service of a special temple or other building, and to that extent may be said to have served an occasion.

Anyone who has seen these Barnard games will agree, I believe, that the occasion provided aid and inspiration to these young poets. Something of the liturgic quality of the processions and stately dances, something of the noble dignity of the music, has got into this verse. The loftiness of the mood, year after year, and the fineness of the expression, are what strike me most. Many of these young poets would deny a sympathy with traditional art; some of them, surely, must be aggressively modern. Yet here they are writing with a high seriousness which would have cheered Matthew Arnold. If I were to follow what perhaps would have been his argu-

ment, I should now say that the admirable qualities of these lyrics result from a sound training in Latin and Greek. But I am deeply skeptical as to the amount of Latin and Greek these girls know, and I have met many classical scholars of undoubted soundness who could not, or at least would not, exhibit themselves in Greek costume in Greek exercises.

It is probably nearer the truth to say that the charm of these lyrics, aside from the talents of the poets, should be ascribed to the kindling power of beauty itself. If there was great poetry in Greece, one reason is that there was also great sculpture, great dancing, and great acting. Wonderful as Shakespeare is, we can find in his period no collaboration so noble among all the arts. The Barnard girls are fortunate, I think, in having joined the poetry of the contest to dancing and other exercises, to music and acting so noble and so sincere, that poetry on any lower plane would at once seem out of place.

— JOHN ERSKINE

THE SPIRIT OF GREEK GAMES

Who says the ancient gods have passed away?
We feel their presence, as men felt of old.
How should they die? Here all their spirits live —
Wisdom and music, beauty, joyous youth,
Springtide and harvest — all their gifts to man.
The lips of men no longer call the names
Of all the gods they worshipped long ago,
But we, for one brief day, find happiness
To offer them the reverence meet for gods,
And backwards pass through all the mystic years
To dwell enchanted where white temples rise,
Glist'ning beneath the azure skies of Greece;
Or tread the yellow sand where silver spray
Still breaks in curling ripples of the sea;
Or where, by moonlight, some still woodland fane
Glimmers among the gnarled ilex trees,
Where honeyed winds sweep from Hymettus' steep,
And all the world is beauty, in hushed tones
To offer up our thankfulness and praise
To those who kindled for us this bright flame
Of youth and happiness and eager strife.
We who have known the joy of this, and felt
Its wondrous fire, know too the after-joy,
That when our Games are done, remembrance lives,
And, as a perfumed lamp in darkened rooms,
Illumines for us all the years to come.

— ISABEL WILLIAMS, '26

TO THE GODS
OF HELLAS

LYRICS OF THE GREEK GAMES
AT BARNARD COLLEGE

HELEN'S PRAYER TO APHRODITE

Ah, golden, laughter-loving goddess fair,
Thou who so long ago first bade me sin,
Breaking the bonds that gods themselves declare
Inviolatè, deserting home and kin,

My husband, daughter, and my native land
With deep-soiled meadows, glad with fruitful grain,
Hear this but once where trembling now I stand.
O, hear me, goddess! Ah, appear again.

Of wondrous power are those charms that lie
Within thy zone, desire and love, that bind
E'en wise men's wits. Ah me! And how have I,
When sweet enchantments first made dim my mind,

Left peaceful chambers that were mine of old,
To come with strangers thus across the sea,
Dwelt here with those whose love long since is cold,
And seen their hatred now abandon me.

By these deserted altars must I crouch,
And watch the city of the Trojans blaze,
And fear these stones shall be my bloody couch
By hands that welcomed me in former days.

How fair seemed Alexandros when he came
As guest to Menelaus' high-roofed hall;
How golden-voiced the minstrels to proclaim
Heroic deeds, and mighty names recall!

But thou, then still thine oath to him to keep,
Since I was loveliest of women born,
Hast lulled my better spirit into sleep,
To make me taste what right would have me scorn.

Beneath his host's own roof he sought his wrong;
Amid his house, where heaven's sheen slipped through.
How godlike seemed he then, how tall, how strong!
How easy did it seem to prove untrue!

When on an evening in that silent hall
I sat beside him in my carven chair,
We saw the altar-flame leap up the wall,
Together turned — and saw thy presence there.

Beneath thy guidance came we hence away.
Along the wine-dark sea the vessel sped.
'Mid softest fleece and purple cloaks I lay,
Where wide-spread sails made shade about my head.

Glad did the oarsmen bend above the oars,
Past each empurpled cliff and green-edged isle,

Until at last I saw the Trojan shores
With Ida's whitened crest before me smile.

To holy Ilium at length we came
O'er yonder plain where clear Scamander rolled.
There Priam did our wedding feast proclaim
With wine and cheer and gifts of fine-wrought gold.

To seek me back the Grecian armies came;
O'er all the shore their broad-laid camp was spread.
But now the Trojans long have cursed my name,
With secret vows against my hapless head.

As still the Greeks have hemmed them closer round,
On Paris and on me the blame was laid,
And he is dead; nor comfort have I found,
Nor word of cheer from matron or from maid.

My kinsmen now have entered Troy at last,
And flames lick wide, and toppling towers fall.
Here must I hide, by Troy indeed outcast,
While Menelaus enters through their wall.

What will he say to me, ah, shameless me,
Who slipped ungrateful from his house away?
Shall I his hate in dread reproaches see,
Or will he draw his sword at once to slay?

Both him and those, his followers, I dread.

Ah! Aphrodite, see my urgent need!

Blessèd the senseless; blessèd are the dead.

Ah, goddess, at this altar-stone, O heed!

— ELINOR COBB, '31

POET AT APHRODISIA

Pour the honey, milk, and wine;

Sacrifice the goats and swine.

Sparrow, swallow, swan, and dove

Sacred are to thee, divine

Cytherea, soul of love.

Goddess fair, serene in grace,

Wreathed by lissom Charites,

By Poseidon once forgotten

Ere he won a lion's place,

Generatrix, Sea-begotten.

Mother of blind Golden Wing,

Always thy full praise we sing,

While the Horae ever tend thee.

Let thy girdle mortals ring,

Care-dissolving Aphrodite.

— ERNA JONES, '31

APHRODITE'S LAMENT

I am grown tired of restless immortality . . .

There is a silent cry

Deep in my soul for woman's suffering

And deaths that women die.

I have a need in me for hearthfire and tall loom

And strong-built home to keep,

Brave sons to bear, and lose, and sorrow for — and last,

Irrevocable sleep.

Beauty is not enough — nor passing lover's lips —

Nor silver songs to sing —

I would have memories to stab my heart

In its remembering.

— SARAH ELIZABETH RODGER, '30

TO THE SEA-BORN APHRODITE

Eternal beauty, risen from the seas!

The rocks are polished cool. A bluish mist

Rises with dawn above the olive trees,

The waves have smiles of jade and amethyst,

And laugh like children waking from a dream

Of shining colors. Beneath petalled skies,

Far off across the stretching waters' gleam,
Bright Lesbos laughs, and lordly Cyprus lies.

There is one song to which the past gives life;
The waves arise in fluted eloquence —
White hills of sound, white, breezing hills of strife
Entone the paeon that long ages hence
To you, O Cyprian, the world had sung,
The sweet, wild world, tempestuous and young,
Drunken with life — and on these silken rocks
The uncouth, half-clad shepherds 'mid their flocks
Fell down to worship, with the rising sun,
The foam-white goddess — How the years have run
Their mist across your face, your deep green eyes,
Your locks like coiling serpents of the sea,
Your swanlike arms that held the earth and skies,
That held men's hearts, and yet have left them free . . .

But while the waves still chant the same white prayer,
Your foam-flecked smile is flashing in the air.
Horizons vanish, and there comes to me
Eternal beauty, risen from the sea!

— VALENTINE SNOW, '30

APOLLO AND ARTEMIS

He comes again, the young unfailing wonder;
Glowing with immortality, he flings
A golden shadow, as of sheltering wings,
With the broad, fallow earth at peace thereunder;

He, the sweet, deathless singer, whose swift fingers
Temper the lyre and the mellow flute,
Shatters the dusk with morning and his lute,
Whose sounding joy upon the blue air lingers
In ecstasies that tremble and are mute.

He loves the windy maid, eluding capture;
Woos timorous Daphne for her blossoms' boon;
He mourns pale Hyacinth who fades too soon;
But golden Clytie fills his heart with laughter,
Her face upraised to catch the kiss of noon.

Upon the hills, fleet-footed for his pleasure,
Eager as the restored Proserpine,
They wander in a free-limbed, laughing line,
And, dancing in the mountains to his measure,
The chorus crown him Master of the Nine.

Till to the western waters, in the clouding,
Dew-laden mist, with lingering step he goes,
Staining the honey-colored sky with rose,
Stillling the bitter wind, and gently shrouding
The dusky world in shadow and repose.

Hushed are the widespread meadows,
Silent and grave the hills,
When, lo! what slender glory
Across the sea-line spills.
And up and down the mountains
The forest murmuring stirs,
For the swift shaft of beauty
And the wild quest are hers.
She the elusive huntress
Upon unsandaled feet,
Her hair unsnooded flying,
Runs wonderful and fleet.
Within her secret valley
Her heart's Endymion,
Youth deathless and unchanging,
Waits till her search is done.
But armed with shining quiver,
Her tameless limbs agleam,
Here she pursues forever
A god's undying dream.

Your healing touch, your dower of fruitful bliss,
O still bestow upon the teeming soil,
You who have shared so long your radiant toil,
Golden Apollo, argent Artemis!

—BABETTE DEUTSCH, '17

PHOEBUS APOLLO

The day is wan, the singing winds lie low;
High on the peak the mountain ashes glow
Half fitfully, with sparks of burnished gold.
The day is old, so old.
Hear me, O Daphne, hear me as I sing,
And when the woodland droops with sleep,
Still through your laurel whispering,
Weep.

I am the god who heals,
Mine are the arts of the herb.
Mine is the power to bring
Ease to man's suffering.
Hear me, O Daphne, hear me as I sing!

I am the god of the muse,
Mine are the arts of the song.
From the swift winds and the seas
I steal strange melodies;

And the sweet talk of the birds
And the wild talk of the wolves
 I weave in the verse of a god,
And to the lyre of a god they ring.
Hear me, O Daphne, hear me as I sing!

I am the god of youth,
The god of passionate youth.
 Strong are my limbs and pure,
 Swift is my foot and sure.
Beauty lies deep in my eyes,
Like a star in the midnight skies.
 Manly the youths who bring
 Gifts as an offering.
Hear me, O Daphne, hear me as I sing!

Yet what avails my songs?
And what avails my art?
I heal — but cannot heal my heart.
I sing — but cannot soothe my heart.

Ah me, how mad the day began,
How madly sweet the pipes of Pan!
 The wind blew free,
 The green woods swayed in blowing ecstasy.
On yon sweet bank I dreamed and played

Upon a shepherd's lute and roughly made,

I dreamed and played . . .

There came a sudden westward breeze,

Upon the farther bank the trees,

Lissom and graceful, bent and touched the brook;

I gazed with wid'ning joy, and there, discovered in her
nook,

Was Daphne, slim and startled like a fawn.

The softness of a growing dawn

Shown from her eyes and trembled there.

Ah, she was fair — so fair!

One moment's look of maiden fright

And then of scorn,

And then — the flight!

How free the wind blew

As we flew

Like birds, half skimming through the green,

She fleeing, I, in mad pursuit.

Her hair streamed out behind

Like some gold comet, loosened by the wind.

Her garments caught the unkept briar,

Caught and were loosened. But the fire

Of my hot breath was close upon her.

Yet suddenly —

Almost it seemed that she

Was mine — was mine!

She raised her arms in quivering prayer,
Her foot stayed in its flight. The air
Was filled with leafy whispering.
Lo, swaying like a reed,
Fixed — rooted in the ground she stood,
A slender laurel of the wood.

Ah me, how mad the day began,
How madly sweet the Pipes of Pan!
Would that I had the heart of man
And like a mortal evermore could sleep.
The day is old, so old.
Gone all of sunset's gold.
Hear me, O Daphne, hear me as I sing,
And through your laurel whispering,
Weep.

— HILDEGARDE DIECHMANN, '18

APOLLO AND ARTEMIS

THE OLD GODS LIVE AGAIN

I

They say the old gods died long years ago,
Even the seeds of Leto, gods of youth, and lie,
Like rainbow dust of dreams that poets know,
In crannied nooks where winds blow gently by.

Oh, woods, with pungent, earth-warm, scented breath!

Oh, winds, that whisper, "Spring is here again!"

Sing sorrow! Make a dirge upon their death,

Oh, rustling leaves and rippling April rain!

A pale, clear light of dawn slips through the trees;

The woods grow whisperous; a first lark sings;

Awakes a rain-kissed, dawn-cool breeze!

The fresh young shafts of reeds, dew-hung, unfling

Their new-blown flaming tufts of red and gold;

The lisping streams and greenwood shadows sing!

A faun steps softly on the dark-brown mould!

II

Then, up from the moss and the cover of sleep,

Up with the light of the dawn in her eyes,

Scaling the hill with her huntress' leap,

Fleeter of foot than the fawn, she flies,

Glitter of limbs through the trees on the hill,

Crackle of twigs and the sway of the grass,

Birds soft-throated sigh and thrill;

Earth, awake, sees Artemis pass!

High on the brow of the hill she stands,

Dark and straight against the sky,

Hailing the dawn with outspread hands,

Clear from where sleep and shadows lie.

Then, in worship, the wind falls still;
A waiting dawn-hush holds the earth;
Slowly the sun-flushed cloud sails fill
And bring the first spring day to birth.
The level rays of warm sun-gold
Upon two radiant figures pour,
And, in the hero light of old,
Phoebus and Artemis live once more!

—KATHERINE HARROWER, '17

APOLLO AND ARTEMIS

O sacred Twain,
Fair Leto's crown of joy,
Patrons of all we hold most dear —
Tall-springing grain
And manward-growing boy —
Artemis, great Apollo, hear!

From grove or glade,
From forest or green vale
Or where the waving sedges grow,
Haste, spotless Maid,
Thou Huntress, pure and pale,
Teach us the magic of thy bow!

Thou who dost heal
Men's ills, averting harm,
Prince of the lyre and the sword,
Give us to feel
Thy strength to thigh and arm,
Lend to our music sweet accord!

Bright Zeus-born Twain,
Be present now, we pray,
Grant still the blessings we have known:
Soft, quickening rain,
Safe flocks, and our chief stay —
Youth unafraid to stand alone!

— MARGARET ROTHSCHILD, '18

TO ARTEMIS

I would not have thee mortal. To adore
A thing no better than mine own poor self
Would be no worship. For the soul of man
Lifts not its supplication at the shrine
Of the familiar, finding comfort there;
And rapture unto madness does not rise
From common things. Thou to whom all the hills
Bow rev'rently, to whom the woodland sings,
Whose footstep is the pulse of forest life,

Art wrapt in matchless immortality
Beyond our feeble reach. I thank the gods
That the last limits of our meager minds
Touch not the borders of those mysteries
Olympus knows. If thou art not the proud,
High goddess whose white emblem nightly bathes
The earth in silver silences; whose heart,
Mocking at love and all things amorous,
Melts into tenderness at man's distress,
His body's weakness and incompetence,
His hopeless quest; then be my blindness blessed,
For thus I see thee.

— WILHELMINE HASBROUCK, '27

A GREEK POET STUMBLES UPON THE SHRINE OF
ARTEMIS

The sunlight danced in waves upon the hill
Whose stolid face lay sloping toward the sky.
The tufted grasses swayed as though a sigh
Had bent them, and then suddenly grown still.

Upon the circle of a cypress wood,
Knee-deep in sun-and-wind-sweet bloom I went,
Then thrust aside a black-leaved bough, and rent
The strangling vines, and plunged within, and stood —

Silent I stood, nor breathed, nor dared to gasp:
Before my breast a birch-limb barred the way,
Glistening white, and jewelled with red and gray
Of fungus; and below me, in the clasp

Of circling, pale-sheathed birches, lay a pool,
Silent, and green with lily pads; the light
Flooded it from above; a somber night
Of cypress trees lay round it, damp and cool.

Silent, I stopped upon the marshy bank
In sudden fear; in such a place as this
Might not some wood god dwell or Artemis —
A deer came softly to the edge and drank.

Then it looked up, started as if in dread,
Darted away — again the sifted light,
The hot, expectant hush closed round its flight —
A glittering lizard raised its jewelled head.

Even the leaves hung quiet in the spell,
When suddenly, among the birch trees, one,
A straight-limbed figure, birch-white in the sun,
Gleamed forth; a quiver from her shoulder fell.

A silver bow she laid upon the ground.

It was the virgin huntress, come alone

To this her shrine, and my poor eyes, my own,
Had looked on her; and still I heard no sound.

The brilliance was too white for me, too still

The holy silence — blinded, put to rout,

I pushed the branch aside and stumbled out
Upon the dimness of the sun-drenched hill.

— ELEANOR LOWENTON, '26

TO ARTEMIS

And then you always come

On silent feet.

After the red sun sleeps, and earth grows dim

You come.

Then darkness cowers, and creeps away, and hides.

Out of the sea you rise,

As a white rose you lift your chaste fair head.

The sea-waves utter little welcoming sighs,

The salt spray flings white fingers to your cheeks.

And at your coming

Burning lips grow cold,

Passions are stilled when touched by your cool hands,



Huge lurking forms and fearful shadows fade.
Across the sleeping world
You build a slender bridge 'twixt day and day.
And as the night grows old, with velvet tread
Thro' the deep forest of the stars you glide.

Then to your valley cave
'Neath gloomy cypresses and sighing pines
Where Nephile your tired eyes will bathe,
And Coracle your wind-tossed hair will bind.

— MARJORIE TURNER, '26

TO PALLAS ATHENE

SUPPLICATION

Maiden Athene, casting wisdom's spell
Over golden Athens; long ago
Thou loved it, Athens, chose it for thine own,
And smiting with thy spear high-poised,
Thyself avenged upon proud Neptune;
And sons of Athens loved and sought for thee.
For thee our dipping figureheads, bright painted,
Breast the dashing foam, and dare
Far waters duller than our wine-dark sea.
For thee with heart song in the hushed vale
Minstrel shepherds guard thy sacred flocks,

Bind with garlands the quick nibbling heads,
Or kneeling lave the curly fleece
And plait with flowers the cloud-puff wool.
Then hoary priests, from childhood consecrate
To thee, with silver shears, chanting,
Reap the undefiled wool.
For thee, Athene, stately dames of Theseus' line
The woolen thread with reverent fingers ply.
The city lies hushed; the tread resounds
Of worshippers in silent awe
Bearing thy resplendent robe
Up the broad marble steps unto thy shrine.

Maiden Athene;
We have served thee and have need of thee.

Lately came barbarians, dark and fierce —
Came they in their curved ships, black-sailed,
And drove swift arrows, tipped with fear, against
Our bravest youth; and back we yielded,
Death despoiled. Then in despair,
Our faces still foe seeking, thee we sought
With urgent prayer; Lo! thine aegis,
Heavy leaning on the city heights,
Caught the sun rays sifted from the air
And hurled them against the archer foe.

Blinded they staggered; and our parched swords
Were sated; but dread terror hovers
Over the rusting swords of conquerors,
Shadow haunted by our vanquished foes
And by forebodings of new foes.
Aye, Goddess, hear our prayer!
Upraise thy flashing spear point to the ether;
Let the high stars in adoration blended
Chant throughout the passing of the aeons:
“Lo! Athene is light, and darkness is no more!”

— BEATRICE CLARKE, '25

TO PALLAS ATHENE

AN ATHLETE, HAVING KILLED A MAN IN RAGE AFTER
AN IGNOMINIOUS DEFEAT, SPEAKS

Full of hate is my soul, yet I kneel to thee,
Here in the awesome hush of thy vast temple,
Breaker of sanctuary, in my madness
Seeking thy statue.

Proudly poised figure of marble — chill smoothness,
Serene features which once I trusted in vain,
Calm and aloof in virginal sanctity —
They are thine, Goddess.

Them will I shatter, my sin-stained hands raising,
Cursing thee, who brought my bitter misfortune,
Searching the fragments, where age-old dust swirling
Hides thy heart of stone.

Now in frenzy will I . . . ! Ah, that whispering mur-
mur —

Is it the fever that throbs in my brain, or the rustle
Of draperies stirred by the breath
Of divinity in the gathering gloom?

Deep in my breast burns the memory
Of ardent prayers and firm vows I had made.
Thy passionless mercy is deaf. To me when I staked my
all
Thou showed it not. My cold fingers are twitching —

Pallas Athene, thine eyes are luminous,
Keen as the point of thy terror-tipped spear;
Proud as the aegis, thy father's safeguard;
Gray are they, gray as the leaves of the olive trees,
Catching their color from dawn and from sky;
Gray as the flying dust that shrouds the mighty dead,
Muffling the thin shrieks of fair steeds in agony,
Screening heroes from peril, thine own well-beloved
ones;

Sea-gray, with changing depths, depths of infinite
wisdom,

Wisdom that knows how to pity and love.

Far over my head thy shield shines in the dark;

My spirit is broken — I do not hate thee.

Bright-eyed Athene, thy majesty conquers;

Thy understanding.

— MARGARET IRISH, '25

TO PALLAS ATHENE

DIRGE OF A MOTHER

(BEFORE THE ATHENIAN ARMY SET OUT TO MEET THE
PERSIANS)

With groping, pale, cold hands may he never seek

The Sunless Houses . . . They come, black-bearded
men.

And must my son, god-limbed, die to save the weak

And old like me? Let me give him life again:

Let me die.

Affrighter of Evil, may thy vigilance over him never end;

Protect with thy shield of bronzen rim;

And over my son, yea, over him

May the light from thy gray eyes descend.

SONG OF THE SOLDIERS

Zeus Child, upon this field
With thy Medusa shield,
Bear down upon the foe; turn them to stone.
Make them to shrink with fear
As with unerring spear
Thou dost impale them, muscle and bone.
Virgin, who knowest not death,
With battle-heated breath
Scorch and consume their men in the close fray.
Let their aged mothers mourn
For the sons they have born.
Pallas Athene, Goddess of war . . . slay!

—JEANETTE MIRSKY, '24

TO PALLAS ATHENE

A WOMAN, HALF-CRAZED BY A SENTENCE OF EXILE,
PRAYS TO ATHENE

Goddess of Wisdom, Athene,
Scarlet flowers I bring thee —
Flowers sprung from the darkness,
Born of the passion of mortals,
Born of their frenzied hate,
Their folly, their wrath, and their blindness —

See — they are bruised and dark,
The blood of their veins runs scarlet
Where I plucked them up by the roots
In the tide of my pain, hot-swelling.

High on the mountains I found them,
There where I fled from the Voices,
Terrible, menacing Voices
That whispered — “ Exiled from Athens! ”
Goddess, I showed them my hands,
A thousand times I outstretched them —
White hands, guiltless of slaughter,
But they said there were stains of blood,
They laughed and mocked me in whispers:
“ Exiled — exiled from Athens! ”

Scarlet flowers, Athene —
Scarlet anemone flowers,
Born of man's hate and his blindness.
They burned the dusk with their beauty;
They tortured my heart with remembrance;
They joined with the terrible Voices,
Whispering, “ Guilty — guilty! ”
I tore them up by their roots
And carried them, broken and bleeding,
Night-long while I wandered, moaning.

See, O Goddess Athene,
Scattered are they at thy feet.
And the hands that I raise above them
Are white hands, guiltless of slaughter.
Guiltless — not stained, O Athene,
White hands of pleading, pleading.
Scorn not their supplications,
Spurn not the broken offering —
Silence the torturing Voices.
Pity — O pity thou me!

NOTE: There is an old legend that the scarlet anemone sprang up from the blood dropped from the flying feet of a tortured maiden.

—ETTA MAY STRATHIE, '24

THE WANDERING DEMETER

She came to me at twilight with my child,
Leading her by the hand along the way,
A stranger woman, kindly faced and mild,
Bearing a torch, and in a robe of gray.

She said, "I found thy daughter in the field,
Gathering purple crocuses and gold.
Day's brilliant sunlight doth to shadow yield;
Now safe within thine arms thy child enfold.

“A child of mine roamed joyous, like thine own,
’Mid blooming fields beside the white-beached sea.
Some nameless power seized her there alone,
And only empty grief is left for me.”

The woman laid my daughter’s hand in mine,
Half loath to let her go, and then she bent
And gently kissed her, and I saw the shine
Of tears, but cannot tell which way she went.

—ELINOR N. COBB, ’31

TO DEMETER

Fair lies the harvest, fair the fostering sun
That smiles in ruddy splendor on the wheat,
But fairer still her beauty who, from heaven,
Spreads like a mantle over all the earth
Her loveliness. Was it not yesterday
We knew her for the wayward maid of spring,
Child of the sudden showers, dewy-eyed,
And fitful in her promised womanhood?
Through the long lazy summer sped the days,
Weaving her robe of regal loveliness,
Until now autumn lays the crown on all.
Men thought her lovely in her spring, but lo!
Lovelier now, and wiser, and more kind.

Mothering love sits shrinèd in her eyes —
Eyes that could drown the sorrows of the world,
And still show beauty in their limpid depths.
Poppies, for sleep, are twinèd in her hair,
Shadowy-black, but glinted here and there
With the wild glory of the burnished hills,
Swept into flaming beauty at her touch.
Softly she passes — passing, casts behind
Some strange, warm beauty, wild and strong and sweet,
To witness to her presence. Men behold,
And wonder, and are stirred, and understand.

— RHODA ERSKINE, '15

INVOCATION AND LIBATION TO DEMETER

Goddess thou of hope and harvest,
Strong Earth-Mother, patient-wise,
Graciously vouchsafe thy presence,
Hither come in kindly guise;
Hearken, O Demeter, hearken,
As to thee our hymns arise!
Hearken, O Demeter, hearken,
As to thee our hymns arise!

Now once more the freed earth waking,
Casts aside the winter's chain,

Now Persephone emerges
From dark Pluto's realm again;
Hearken, O Demeter, hearken,
Hearken to our suppliant strain!
Hearken, O Demeter, hearken,
Hearken to our suppliant strain!

Not for wealth we ask thee, Mother;
Strength and wisdom covet we,
So in reverence to offer
At thy shrine our victory;
Make us, O Demeter, make us
Worthily to strive for thee!
Make us, O Demeter, make us
Worthily to strive for thee!

— GRACE GOODALE, '99

TO DEMETER

Demeter! From thine opulent fields which lie
'Neath foothills of Thessalian snow,
Or where the Cyclad zephyrs blow —
Out of the corn yet green and shoulder high,
Nourished by clear successive suns,
We call thee; land where Alpheus runs

Through region Zeus claims for his own,
We beg thee leave; forsake that clime
Whose groves of citron blossoms blown
Their odors mix with pungent thyme —
Forget today thy vineyards dressed,
Leave glorious gardens thou hast blessed
With luscious fruit, the fertile fig and vine,
Olives to Pallas consecrated;
Red, red the dark pomegranate fated
That lost thee half the year thy fairest Proserpine.

O thou who redest in thy mysteries deep,
What skyward yearning man hath sought,
And still doth seek — for thou hast wrought
In breasts full-heavy and in souls that weep,
A calmer peace than did beguile
Odysseus on Calypso's isle —
O thou whose cup of barley blended
Hath healed the hurt of many a heart;
Nor Attic porch, nor conclave splendid
Of seven sages, nor the art
Of all philosophers may yield
The joys of one well-planted field:
Thou art not dead who with the corn dost fall,
For Mother Earth's fertility
Is one with immortality:
O thou the wakening seed, Demeter, thee we call!

Now Spring, no more dread queen of Acheron's tide

Whose tribute was the price of deep repose,
Comes forth with song and flings on every side

From her fresh drapery many a sunlit rose.
Her soft breath brings the sowing-time again
As twilight winds the warm Arcadian mist.

Demeter, may'st thou reign

Supreme, Oh, may our fields be kissed
By thy sweet lips to bless our new-sown grain.

Thine are these games and votives lowly,
Our praises round thine altars holy
Rise on blue vapors to Olympian domain.

— ELEANOR HILLYER, '26

TO DEMETER

FESTIVAL HYMN

To thee, O Ceres, sister-bride of Jove,
I sing. Oft in the Eleusinian grove

Have I made sacrifice, and in thy name
Kindled the sacred, purifying flame.

To me, thy worshipper, was given grace
Living e'en to behold thy goddess face.

I saw thee in my vision spent with grief,
Footsore and worn — yet glorious past belief —

Still roaming, calling through the barren wild,
And knew thee, searching for thy ravished child.

Compassion moved the soft, voluptuous breeze
To aid thee in thy quest. The very trees
Shed leaf and bud for pity at thy plight;
And Sol for pity veiled his heavenly light.

But every mother, for that mystery
Of motherhood that made her kin to thee,
Sent such a crying prayer to Jove's high throne
That he must needs yield up to thee thine own.

She is restored. Proserpine is thine
Again. Rejoice, ye woods and fields! And shine,
O sun, whose radiance too long the earth
Has wanted. New delight in life, new birth
Is everywhere. And thou, O gentle queen,
Dost rule in splendor. Calm, serene,
Thy presence is upon me, and I raise
My soul to thee in rapt, adoring praise.

—SENTA JONAS, '16

THREE PRAYERS TO DEMETER

I

One mad, sweet day in spring I made a prayer;
It brooded in the grass, caressed the trees;
It wantoned with the tender, heartless breeze,
And drank wild rapture from the brimming air.

“Goddess,” I sang. “Sweet mistress of the earth,
Languorous, longing, sweet, and full of fire.
Goddess of clinging peace, of passionate mirth,
Of gentle friendliness, and hot desire,
Take those to your great heart and soothe and bless —
O maker of the madness of the spring —
Who hold the breathless, fainting happiness
That only lovers know and lovers sing.”
And then I heard light murmurs in the air
And knew the gods were laughing at my prayer.

II

One growing, stirring day I prayed again.
Out of my swelling soul my words I flung,
I hurled them to the splendor of the sun,
And sang them to the hearts of little men.
“Goddess,” I cried, Creator, Seeress high,
Weaver of life that comes, enchants, and passes
Under the flashing gladness of the sky,
And in the small, cool caverns of the grasses.
Cherish, O Goddess, men who yearn and build,
Dream little dreams and fashion little things.
Cherish them, for they work as you have willed,
Creator of a thousand, thousand springs.”
Again I heard light murmurs in the air;
And knew the gods were laughing at my prayer.

III

One weary, clouded day I bent my head,
And in the darkness of my heart I prayed.
On my belabored soul a terror weighed,
And from my eyes all springtime joy had fled.

“Mother, great mother of the lonely heart,
Pity my vagrant thought, my careless prayer,
You who have borne the wildest, fiercest smart
That ever pricked the dullness of despair.
The happy flowers wither to the ground
Before the parching tempest of your pain.
O mother of a daughter lost and found,
Help those whose daughters never come again.”
And then I heard low murmurs in the air,
And knew the gods were weeping at my prayer.

—FREDA KIRCHWEY, '15

SONG OF THE SORROWING DEMETER

Poppies will drop their petals at my breath,
And leaves will brown and scatter from the branch;
Winds will move through the webbing of a tree
silently;
I shall still their singing; you will hear death.

I touched the earth with flowers for my daughter —
Heavy hyacinths, violets under leaves,
Narcissus-stars I flung before the sea.

Persephone

Wound them in wreaths beside the turning water.

The sea comes up, still with its curving motion.

The shore is purple still beneath the leaves;

Only I do not hear her light, young laughter

Echoing after

The nymphs as they yield to the lithe-limbed ocean.

She weaves flowers in the darkness now,

In darkness she binds up her yellow hair;

Her singing in the dark is very low,

Like winds that blow

Hardly turning the leaves upon the bough.

The grape will shrivel at my vengeful breath,

I have no need of grapes or grain or flowers;

Winds will move through the webbing of a tree

Silently;

I shall still their singing; you will hear death.

—MARIE LUHRS, '25

TO DEMETER

Hail Goddess, mother of the spring, for whom
The bright, green fields have ripened; honoring thee
The Attic hills are gay with pageantry,
Blazing with myrtle, gorse, and flowering broom.
Lo! Pan and Dionysos wake and rise
Unhurried, to the skylark's caroling,
And join the nymphs and shepherds as they bring
The wine-skin harvest home, with laughing eyes.
Then, when the purple fruit is pressed to wine,
The world grows mellow and Silenus, young
Once more, with jesting and with loosened tongue
Calls the slow herdsman from his browsing kine.
From sunlit hill they come and shadowy vale,
Gods and their worshippers. Great Mother, hail!

—HELEN SHOTWELL, '32

A YOUNG MOTHER PRAYS TO DEMETER FOR HER
SICK CHILD

O, great and gracious goddess, Mother Earth,
Who loveth all young life, and with thy smile
Doth bless the tender plant, the opening flower,
And full-eared grain, who bringeth unto men
Their harvest, and with them doth stand

At threshing, where from their flails the dust
Doth fly and swirl in sunlight
Golden as thine hair is gold —
Hear me, Demeter! Thou art mother too,
And by thy love for thine own child,
The flower-crowned Persephone, dost know
The full love of a mother's heart;
See how thy blood-red poppies droop and fade,
Scorched by the fever-heat of those small hands.

E'en so, my flower is fading, day by day,
And I am helpless. But thou, immortal one,
Thy power can stay this fever's course. Ah, wilt thou
not

Breathe over him that wondrous charm which haunts
Thy presence; bid health and joyous life
Return once more unto this tiny frame.
Ah, Mother, thou canst give me back my child.
See, here I bear, to lay upon thy shrine,
These scarlet poppies, and with them the golden grain,
First and most perfect of our harvest yield.
And if thou wilt but grant me this one prayer,
Each year his voice shall sing thy praise,
His hands shall bear the offerings to thy shrine.
Take what thou wilt. All that I have I yield
To thee in sacrifice for this one thing

More precious than all else,
O great Earth-Mother, give me back my child!

NOTE: The ancient belief was that the same power which watched over the harvest influenced the growth and health of children.

— ISABEL WILLIAMS, '26

A SHEPHERD BOY SEES A VISION OF DEMETER
ON THE MOUNTAIN AT NIGHT

A starrèd night lies o'er the sleeping world;
Now rests the flock within the shadowed fold,
Nor stir the olive trees upon the hills
Where gnarled and gray like carvèd steel they stand.
The noisy stream is hushed in drifting mist;
All living things seem sunk in death-like sleep.
Yet I lie wakeful in the tall, soft grass,
Watching the lonely night pass on her way,
By starlit paths gliding on silent wings.
Throughout the sleep a living spirit moves,
A giant pulse beats in the depths of earth,
Rhythmic with strange, undreamed-of majesty,
The deep-felt soul of silent, growing strength.
A night-bird calls, stirs in the grass, is still;
A meteor falls along the midnight sky,
Tracing a fiery track across the dark.

Now as the ghostly shadows come and go,
I see thee lightly tread the somber turf,
A tall and awful figure in the dusk;
Thy trailing robes of twilight-colored mist,
Dim, glowing poppies wreathed about thy brow,
Demeter, Goddess, mother of all life,
Thou art the power felt within the night.
Thou bringest gifts of peace through gentle strength
And hatred of destroying, selfish war.
Swiftly from out my heart filled with great love
A prayer of thankfulness leaps to thee.

— ELEANOR WOOD, '25

SONG TO DIONYSUS

OF A MOTHER WHOSE CHILD IS MARKED FOR THE
EVENING SACRIFICES

The little grapes have grown to purple-red,
The damask rose is purple in the sun,
And thy high altars of Mount Cithaeron
Are hallowèd.

Thine are the vernal arbors, girdled thrice,
The glory of the autumn grain is thine.
What need hast thou of any praise of mine,
Or sacrifice?

Out where the wind has voices — on the hill —
I danced, as maiden, to thy hot desire
And loosed my hair for thee. O, must the fire
Be calling still?

Calling for all I love. . . . The holiest thing
Is mine to give upon the eventide . . .
Yet with the pulse of tears beneath my side
I cannot sing.

So take thy dead, and let there be for me
Only the lyric sorrow I have known,
As warm spray beats against the weary stone
Unwearily.

— JANE HILLYER, '29

THE GREATER DIONYSIA

Is Dionysus dead?
No! still his essences inviolate
All that is bleak and dull annihilate.
For ages men have bade him bow his head,
Imprisoned in the vicious vats of earth;
Today he has regained his godly height,
And true immortals, radiant with delight,
Revel again in Dionysian mirth.

Is Dionysus dead?

No! volatile and gay and free he stands —
Free to dispense the vintage of his hands,
To waken summer with his buoyant tread,
To flood fall sunsets full of lambent wine,
With nature's ripe exuberance again
To play blithe havoc in the hearts of men
Until their passions soar above his shrine.

—LOUISE BURTON LAIDLAW, '29

EOS

Aurora, thou hast dimmed the stars
And lo, the moon's
Soft gold hath changed to silver pale
Since thou hast stepped from heaven's gate.
Goddess of dawn, all hail!

'Tis thine to brush with radiant wing
The gray-streaked east,
And, pressing onward in thy flight,
To leave behind across the sky
The first faint glow of light.

Into the tree tops dost thou smile,
And hark! a song

From feathered choirs soft and sweet,
Rising and filling all the air,
Follows thy parting fleet!

Then, turning in a gentle mood,
Downward toward earth —
Low dost thou stoop with tender grace
To kiss the rose all dewy-eyed
Upon its upturned face.

Softly the waking breezes blow
In gentle sport;
They tangle all thy tresses bright
And play about thy filmy robe
In frolicking delight.

At thy approach the little waves
Run up the sands,
And laughing, break, and toss their spray
Sparkling and shimmering at thy feet,
Joyful to greet the day.

Onward then, rosy-fingered dawn,
With magic touch
Lift up night's somber hanging veil;
Goddess of dawn, all hail!

—PRISCILLA LOCKWOOD, '13

TO EOS, GODDESS OF DAWN

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK)

Hearken, O Radiant One,
Eos, bright beaming on mortals,
Rosy herald of day,
Guide of the luminous Titan.
When in thy loveliness shining
Out of the east thou arisest,
Dark-frowning Night doth depart
Into her caverns infernal.

Guide of the husbandman's toil,
Priestess of human existence,
Surely thy love enfolds
The many-tongued children of mortals.
Surely no creature exists
That, new-awakened from slumber,
Flees from the light of thy face,
Smiling benignly above us.

Lo! all the races of men
Wake and rejoice at thy coming,
Beasts of the forest and plain,
Clear-throated birds, and the myriad

Reptiles, and fish of the sea.
All means of life thou bestowest,
Unto the Muses serene,
Light, a pure sacrifice, raising.

—FLORENCE HARRIS, '14

TO EOS, THE ETERNAL

Against the dreadful panoply of stars
I stand and feel the dawn-wind in my face.
There is an ominous silence on the earth
And hushed attention, far through starry space.
The brooding hills upheave their shadowy girth
As if to catch some faint portentous sound;
And now from the white shuddering stars that bound
Night's sinister domain in the wide east,
A sudden tremor passes swiftly round
The glittering constellations' high array,
A signal of dismay. . . .
Then suddenly I know the night has ceased.
The eastern hills are black against the gray,
And lo, across the waiting world I hear,
Wistful and clear,
The thin and silver trumpets of the day. . . .

And thou art come, clad in thy radiance,
Shimmering Eos, and art momentarily

Striding in splendor with a bright advance
Along the mystic bastions of the dawn. . . .

Yet as I call, thy twilight eyes are gone,
Thy slender ankles glint on misty hills
Far in the muffled west. A waking bird
Flutes a soft note like an old poignant word
Over and over, and abruptly stills
His call. Soon now the lambent sun in glory
Will redly stare from the horizon's rim. . . .
Eos, thou art so fleet and transitory,
Too fragile and mysterious and dim
To be immortal . . . and the gods are dead
And half forgotten, save in ancient story.
Hast thou too passed for many a year gone by,
And wert some delicate phantom in the sky?
A sudden splendour flashing down the night?

Nay, thou art more than goddess, more than light,
Thou the eternal, the miraculous!
Man still to thee lifts up his blinded head
And marvels at thy sudden call, thy white,
Incredible feet upon the utmost shoals
Of troubled darkness. Yea, the gods are gone
That once had sovereignty of mortal souls. . . .
Yet thou, the old and evanescent dawn,

Shalt far outlive this wistful tribe of men,
And when the earth is free of them again
Still shalt thou herald to dim, icy seas
A strange, red sun like a remembered pain,
And through the infinite night
Shall shout of brighter, lovelier dawns than these.
Naught is forever, save the birth of light.

— BEATRICE LAMBERTON BECKER, '20

EOS

Hence, slow-dripping mists that sink like a waste of
weeping!

Then is the world an empty, gray-toned dream,
As hollow as the stagnant heavens seem,
No unawakened secret in its keeping?

Glad gods above! if life can leap out of silence,
If hope can spring from sullen depths of time,
Grant me one moment, torn from the sublime,
One brimming moment flung from this suspense!

Behind the gentle-colored close of darkness
I crouched, and made my prayer,
And sent it groping through the heavy air.

The black hush ended; like a long caress
Over the brooding sweep of silver sky

Where the thin ghost of night dwindled to nothingness
 Drifted a fragrant sigh,
And Zephyrus, wandering from out the west
Scattered afar the clinging clouds of rest.

Where weaves your way, O wind of many flowers?
 Past Phosphor gleaming wanly, through the grass
To wake the pendent blossoms in their bowers?
 Or will you idly pass
Great Memnon's funeral pyre, where Eos weeps anew,
Bathing the blackened world in an immortal dew?
 Nay, stir the goddess from her mournful dreaming,
Blow smiles again into those sky-filled eyes
 And wanton with her sun-stained hair, long streaming,
That joyous she may arise
 On a lifting breeze, on the wing of the wind, to go
 Where the dawn colors creep into radiance, glow on
 glow.

Long stood I mute in the unfolding sweetness,
 Breathlessly worshipping! — a glimpse of morn!
Night's close-repressed promise in completeness,
 Eos revealed, newborn!

Then I bethought me of my answered prayer,
And of a sudden, "Lo!" sang I, "the earth is wondrous
 fair!"

— LENORE K. GUINZBURG, '19

THE COMING OF EOS

STROPHE I

Winds of the dawn, winds of the dawn,
Cool from the lips of Eos,
Lured from the pools of the Eastern Sea
Where the dim, blue day stirs dreamily,
What do ye bring to a gray world worn
With waiting, with waiting, for Eos?

Oh, herald winds that brush away night's fears,
Your flying feet are wet with dew-pale tears
Of many a one who weepeth,
For in the night we heard the muffled drums
And sounds of war — ah, tell us if she comes!
So dark, so dark, and voiceless are our seers,
Tell us if Eos sleepeth!

ANTISTROPHE I

A tremulous gleam, a tremulous gleam,
A fluttering promise of dawning,
A glorious wave of incarnadine light,
That wells in the wake of the age-dimmed night!
Bow low the head, for this is no dream,
'Tis Eos! Then silence the mourning!

But why so rosy do her fair feet glow?
Is it the blush of sleep, or low, speak low,
 Is it blood of a warrior's dying?
The trembling of an old gray aspen leaf
Before our eyes, will hide a world-wide grief,
Humbly we hear from lands we do not know
 The sound of a far off crying.

STROPHE II

Lo, Eos is come, but betrayed
 Are we who longed for this hour,
For in bloodstained robes arrayed,
Like a conqueror's careless wraith,
 She scatters a fearful dower.
She comes but to bring us death,
And the warmth of her animate breath
Is a prophecy dark, that saith:
 Make ready the funeral pyre.

The night is fled, but still
 The day is full of fears;
The dew is dried, but chill
 Hang gray mists shaped with tears;
We seek for a hiding place,
As the dark shadows before us race.

Eos, Eos, what do we know?
Where does the light of thy dawning blow,
Shall all be consumed in thy terrible glow
Of destroying, engendering fire?

ANTISTROPHE II

What do we know? Yet be bold,
It is vain to whimper and cower,
Life's dawn doth ever enfold
The promise of death's deep night,
Two pinions of one wide hour
Which brings to us blind fools sight.
Up, up to the sky's last height
Whence the eagle takes his flight
To laugh at the earth in derision.

Dive down unfathomed seas
And feel the world's heart beat,
Till ye know that the depth shall seize
The height where horizons meet;
For the night and the dawn's two wings
Are the heat of one heart that sings.

Eos, Eos, thy light falls wide
Over the gleam of perpetual tide;
What is the flood or the long ebb beside
This dawning of world wide vision?

— AMY S. JENNINGS, '20

EOS

Eos! The altar flame dies low.

Where stars have spent their blue-eyed wane,
High builded, first to sight thy glow,
The pillared silence of thy fane,
Enshadowed, waits.

Night's slipping grasp dissolves its shades
Of death. Starlight, unbidden, fades.
Over the gossamer purpled hills
Softly the mist that the nightfall wills
Sifts from thy gates.

Eos, the wounded poppies Night has wreathed
Fade lifelessly, and Sleep has stirred and waits
But thine awakening. Pale Phosphor breathed
The silent hymn of peace. Unbar thy gates!
Lift thou the ocean's purpled cloak away,
Lash thou with playing winds its whitening spray,
The opaled line of sea and heaven reclaim
With herald torch, thy pencilings of flame.

Eos, the wind is blowing cool.
Colorless stirring, whitened and wan,
The light is born,
And clear as the gaze of startled fawn,
The blue of a summer, sky-filled pool
Gives birth to morn.

Sunder Apollo's gates and fling them wide!
Pour forth thy flowered wealth that he may ride,
The Conqueror, through the arch of flaming sky.
Eos, beloved of mortal, while I cry,
The petaled rose that blossoms on thy way,
Blooms full, gleams rich, the golden heart of day.
From ivied, gleaming pillars incense wings
The praise of newborn loveliness of things.

— MARION BOYD WARREN, '19

TO EROS

FROM SOPHOCLES' "ANTIGONE," II. 781-800

Eros, unconquered in strife,
Eros, in thrall all things holding,
Resting the whole night through
On the soft blooming cheeks of the maidens!
Over the seas dost thou roam;
Thou dwell'st in the halls of the rustics.
Thee there is none can escape,
Neither of gods nor of mortals —
Men who live but a day;
On those whom thou holdest comes madness.

The hearts of the just dost thou turn
To evil aside for their ruin;

Thou stirrest up anger and strife —
Yea, e'en among men that are kindred.
Victorious aye is the love glance
That passeth between youth and maiden;
It sits in the seats of the mighty,
The peer of the law and its power;
For never may mortals o'ercome
In strife with divine Aphrodite.

— TRANSLATED BY ELIZABETH NITCHIE, '10

HELIOS

The city lies in death, an empty thing,
That shivers in its darkened nothingness
And longs not. Life and the very love of life
Are hushed. The past alone remains. Wailing,
Keened by its beauty sped, smites through the night
And falls to dullest echoes in the void.
The hair of women, grief-tossed, wild and full,
Flashes in torch-lit glares that burn the night
And fade to blackness ere their life is caught
To find it blacker for their pallid gleams.
The vanquished city's soul is drowned in past,
And pulses slow in waiting, hope-bereft,
Mighty in pain, it writhes alone, and grows.
But sudden through the quickened throng there stirs

A hint of movement. Blackness yields to gray,
While far upon the peaks of fading gloom,
A throb, a spark, a burst of gold, and light
In god-born rays. A thrill of groping life
Is felt, and slow the burdened heads yearn up,
Eyes once wet and sightless, gleam again
In light. A yearning that knows not its urge
Is caught and throbs to wildest ecstasy,
While lashed to greatness, grief rebuilds its
strength

In joy. Life and the love of life cry out,
And voices cracked with wailing greet the dawn.
The god of light and life, the giver great,
Answers his call. Glory-cravings pierce
The death of hope, while far the radiant god
With lips of promise, breaks the night and calls,
“Ye who claim life and yearn, reach deeper in.
Greet life as lovers, loving all. Clasp near
The sun-swept greatness from the heart of day,
And laugh!” Helios! the dead is dead no more!

—GARDA BROWN, '23

TO HELIOS

The world is heavy with a great despair.

The festering wrongs of man-enslavèd Man

Pollute the ancient temples of the air;

Earth's cry of anguish beats against the stars,
Haunting the gods in their untroubled seat.

The heart-break of humanity's defeat,
The throbbing bitterness of life is there.

Each prisoned spirit, straining at its bars,
Uplifts the agony of fruitless prayer. . . .

The gods have closed their eyes,

And drunk nepenthe lest they learn to weep.
They will not see the struggle that repeats
An age-old cycle of sad destinies.

They hug their boon of undisturbed sleep,
Light-hearted waking, passion without pain,
Whereon dependeth their divinity.
What can they know of Man? His useless cries
Fall heavy on the laboring earth again.

Helios, thou alone,

Bright, valiant god, to whom fear-darkened men
First prayed as source of ever-flaming Truth,
Art called All-seeing by a grateful throng.
Where tortured souls in darkness wandered long,
Is shed the light of courage and of youth.

Thy radiance penetrates the foulest den,
Nor shrinks from laying bare each hidden wrong.

And lo, thou hast a glory overspread

O'er every place of dark unspoken shame,
Brighter than any opiate dream could shed,
Or vision of some shadow land divine.

Truth only purges with unsparing flame
The ill we shrink from. Man shall lift his head
To see at hand this radiant promise shine,
And leap exultant from the bonds of dread,
To hurl defiance at the careless height,
And stand a god in thy transforming light.

— ISABEL ELIZABETH RATHBORNE, '22

HELIOS, THOU ART LIFE

The hour of agony is past:
Out of the pain-blackened clouds of travail, a soul
Is ushered forth into the scattered light of dawn.
On the warm, pride-pulsing bosom of Earth, dew-dia-
monds glitter,
The tears that anguished mother heart has shed,
Whether bursting full of sorrow, or stoically suppressed.
And oft a tinselled frost bemoans Death's toll.

But with the first, blinking glance of the infant Sun,
The whole world quivers with gratitude and love.
One short moment, and from those baby lips

Breaks forth the clarion call of daybreak —
 The cock in the farmyard, the lark in the meadow.
 In golden-flooded fields the happy hours of prattling
 boyhood
 Flee past, unclouded by looming shadows of the future.
 Eager Youth strains to dash into the race of life
 Whose goal seems ever to recede before his longing gaze,
 A flickering mirage.

Helios climbs the zenith of his glory:
 The universe exults in his triumphant warmth,
 Each gloomy nook a mirror for his radiance;
 At his breath quickens every vein of Nature,
 A single throbbing mass of life and living.
 And with him, Man draws near the pinnacle of noon,
 Is feasted at the banquet of Success, whose handmaids
 Tender every brimming goblet of honor and delight.

'Mid droning bees and tinkling nature, down slides
 Helios
 On his long western course. Dusk is forcing the sun-god
 to rest.
 Age shepherds his flocks around him and closes
 The cattle-fold. A solemn hush steals o'er the world: —
 With a fond, lingering smile, at deep-tinged sunset,
 The spirit passes forth from care and sorrow

To eternal rest, Elysium. And if there be a morrow,
Then it is the soul's rebirth in high ideals
It whispered those it touched in passing.

Sometimes, great Helios, we miss one part
Of thy life — of our life — sometimes another.
For some you veil your beauty 'neath thick mists
And shine not with approval.
Few are those on whose dismal day
You suddenly appear, the brilliant reflection
Of their youthful hopes, desires, prayers —
A fleeting, illusory rainbow.
Thrice happy they on whom you cast
Your mighty beams of everlasting praise.
Down through long ages, thou hast moulded
Men's hearts, men's souls. Still do they look to thee
For strength enduring. As they grope for thy rays,
As they heed thee, so shalt thou glow for them always,
O! Helios! God of light, of life, of power,
Smile on me, for me today.

— KATHERINE HELENA SHEA, '23

HYMN TO HELIOS

I

Helios — I sing the song of your flames,
Red as the blade of my two-edged sword,
Which has found out the heart of my enemy
As a snake finds the heel in the thirsty dust.

I stand before you on the eastern hills,
Gray hills that rise above the mist-hung sea,
And wait your coming from the starry ways.
And as I stand and wait above the dead,
The dead I slew — I and my flame-dipped sword —
I rattle spear on shield to drive the night
Back from my dead, back to that land beyond
The walls of fog built on the sliding waves.
I thrust my sword into the face of night
And send my words out on the running winds
To climb from star to star into the East
As ships climb, wave on wave, to reach their port,
Until my song of triumph reaches you
And in the East your mirth shakes all the skies,
Your red-lipped laughter sears with burning breath
The dead who lie about me on the hills.
Helios — I laugh with you, for my heart is red
With the flames of your fire.

II

Helios — I sing the song of your light,
White as a sail on a windy sea,
A sun-filled sail on a sea of light
That dips and drinks at the black wave's edge.

My hands are a cup to hold your gleaming light.
I scatter your warmth upon the ground which lies
A wrinkled thing beneath my feet. My seeds,
Which were all white and smooth, are touched with light
And climb like threads of smoke into the day.
I stand among the vineyards where the vines
Cluster like flocks upon the ragged hills.
The swollen grapes beneath the leaves are soft,
Soft as the curve upon my horse's neck,
And round and golden with your rays of light,
Your warmth, your whiteness lie on all my hills
Even as the gulls lie resting on the sea.
And in my heart the reddened dawn of vengeance
Fades, and I am strong with the quiet strength
Of your warmth and light.

Helios — I sing the song of your gold,
Gold like the sea-fire my oars enkindled,
As they cut with their blades the midnight sea,
And the spray turned to stars of a mystic light,

Gold as the autumn leaves that rise and sink
Like yellow-breasted birds upon the wind.
I stand upon the hills above the sea
And send my words like arrows through the air
To where your gold has stained the western sky
As if the riches heaped upon your bier
Had melted in the flames and spilt like wine.
I stand and watch you as you slowly go
Down through the waves to where the slumbrous Styx
Burrows beneath this darkening world of mine.
Your warmth, your light fade slowly from my hills,
Night treads upon the waters. All the meadows
Blossom with fireflies. It is the time
When fear draws close his mantle round my throat,
But my heart is unafraid. . . . Deep in the sky
The western clouds still flame with glowing light
Like happy isles upon a sunlit sea,
A golden promise of tomorrow's dawn
And of that East where I shall some day rise
To stride among the lofty morning stars.

— EDITH PETTY SHEARN, '22

DIRGE

(PRAYER OF A LOVER TO HERMES)

The wind has drawn its fingers through the trees,
And rippled running whispers on its breath . . .
But god of roadways leading down to death,
O what have she and I to do with these?

The tender leaves will bring no song to me —
For she will never lift her eyes again
Beneath the clouds and shiver of the rain
To watch the myrtle bloom in Thessaly.

My pulses will forget to greet the red
Of sunrise or the drops of laughing wine —
For hands that trembled yesterday in mine
Stretch blindly out among the voiceless dead.

I showed her where the rich, blue oceans press,
And how the breakers of the tide begin —
O Hermes, be to her as I have been
And guide her in the strange first loneliness.

—JANE HILLYER, '29

HERMES ASCENDENT

Olympus sees the tribes of Zeus no more —

Through changing years the gods have grown until,
No longer fettered by Earth's finite lore,

In untrod courts of space they work their will.
Each potent god scans from his chosen star
Or constellation mysteries of might.
Their swift-winged courier may now unbar
Titanic treasures to our eager sight.

Bright messenger of interstellar space,

Young god of commerce, science, arts of peace —
Hermes, thy torch to our dynamic race

Imparts more strength than to the sons of Greece!
Beneath thy live Caduceus, Power of Air,
Earth's people — free, united — dream and dare.

— LOUISE BURTON LAIDLAW, '29

A TRAVELER INVOKES HERMES OF THE
CROSSROADS

The twilight tiptoes down the hills that bear

Their black and sharp-etched pines against the sky;
Lord of the twisted way, the flowers thrill
To feel thy silver presence passing by.

Here, where the long roads cross, thy statue stands,
And one of them leads up and one leads down;
One scrambles up the shaggy mountain way;
One flattens out to met the drowsy town.
Oh, restless Spirit, I have followed thee,
And sea and shore have known my passing feet;
Winter has been my friend and I have trudged
Where summer casts its aureole of heat;
But I have neither chrysoprase nor jade
Nor beaten gold, no flaming silks are mine,
No antique ivories from an old, old land,
And I have neither ambergris nor wine
To lay before thine altar by the sea.
Only my worn-out sandals are my own,
My traveler's staff — I lay them at thy feet —
Let me not pass my fading years alone.

I seek my home like an old eagle, spent
With distant travel and with broad-winged flight,
But, lest my village seem a narrow place,
Dim thou the keenness of my traveler's sight.
Give to my age a slow simplicity,
Oblivion of my once heroic day,
Till thou shalt wake me, bidding me come down
To Death's broad portal, Hermes of the twisted way.

—HARRIET MAROT TAYLOR, '28

HERMES

A THIEF PRAYS FOR LUCK

Messenger of haste, who playest
 Lightly on a lute of shell
Cadences of beauty slipping
From thy strings like water dripping
 Back into a well,

Thou who leadest into safety
 Wanderers along the way,
Who thy wingèd footsteps follow
As the winter on the swallow,
 As the night upon the day;

Robber-lover, lord of scoundrels,
 Thou whom gamblers greet with glee,
Pause a moment in thy winging,
Cease a moment from thy singing,
 Hearken unto me:

Hear the pleading of thy fellow
 Who hath turned to thee, forlorn;
Take thou pity on this other
Though a mortal, yet thy brother,
 O thou thief, immortal born!

—HARRIET TYNG, '28

TO IRIS

Whence that strange light of form and face,
Whence, fair one, that aerial grace
 With which thou glidest down from lands above
 To daze the eyes
Which, but a moment since, gazed hopelessly
 Upon a somber world, nor looked to see
Clouds break and glowing colors sparkle forth
 From leaden skies?

So shineth with pale sheen of gold
Thy robe of colors manifold,
 Which bids us thee as rainbow goddess hail,
 As Iris fair!
What pow'r but thine could sever rain-clouds gray,
 And to the earth from heaven trace a way
In glowing tints, like shadows of thy robe
 Imprinted there?

Lo! now the rain's dull, sullen beat
Has ceased; instead, a patter sweet
 Which seems to whisper promise of a
 Hundred thousand springs;

The raindrops flash like pearly drops of dew,
And through thy wondrous bow of fairy hue
The sunbeams filter, while within my heart
A new hope sings.

For in thy laughing face I see
The gleam of all the joys to be,
When earth like thee stands decked in colors gay,
And light divine;
Blush rose shall blossom; hyacinth shall blow,
The crops be garnered; all things fairer grow —
Opal-winged Iris, who this message brings,
Love, thanks be thine.

— CONSTANCE I. BARNET, '12

TO IRIS

Hearken, O thou who on lofty Olympus
Dwellest, belovèd of gods and of men,
Radiant daughter of Wonder and Brightness,
Iris, fair virgin, we honor thy name.

Hearken, we pray, to our high supplication,
Thou who dost merit immortal renown,
Wind-wingèd messenger, bearing good tidings
Unto the earth from the Bright Ones above.

Thou who wert ever a guide and advisor
Unto mankind, to all creatures a friend:
Thou who distillest from clouds heavy-laden
Life-giving showers for the rain-thirsty earth,

Fling forth thy bridge from Olympus to mortals,
Span the broad sky with thy many-hued bow
Bright as the far-trailing robes of Apollo,
Omen of good to the children of earth.

Goddess, descend by that luminous pathway,
Swiftly, invisibly walk among men,
Shedding benigance of gods all about thee,
Whisper to each thy immortal commands.

Soften our hearts, that divine inspiration,
Freely inflowing, may fill us with joy —
Darling of Hera, O teach us to worship
Thee and all deity — this we implore.

Hearken, O thou who on lofty Olympus
Dwellest, belovèd of gods and of men,
Radiant daughter of Wonder and Brightness,
Iris, fair virgin, we honor thy name!

— FLORENCE HARRIS, '14

IRIS

Ye Muses fair, for Iris chaste and young,
For Iris, rainbow-tinted virgin, sprung
Of Thaumus and Electra, praise be sung!

Aeons ago, when Earth in wickedness
Lay parching, Jove on high in thundering wrath
Sent blasts of mighty rains with fearful stress
Upon the universe which deluged hung
Steeped in a wild confusion of distress.

The stars grew old; and then when all the Earth
Shone sparkling fresh and pure, great Jove withdrew
The floods; while golden Phoebus spanned the girth
Of Heaven's dazzling space with roseate fire,
Proclaiming wide his glorious rebirth.

Pale, silver-green, and crystal with the dew,
The trees and grasses, radiant in the light,
With all the birds sang hymns of praise which grew
From faint sweet carols to a paean vast,
Shaking the vaulted summit of the blue.

In answer, mighty Jove to all below
Spake thus: "Henceforth on Earth there shall be peace

From Heaven sent." He rose in air, and lo!

A spirit veiled in prisms vapors shed
From off her rose-pale feet the perfect bow.

And floating downward, dream-swift, zephyr-light,

In filmy clouds of fine, ethereal pearl,
She tinged the bow with gold and malachite,

With lapis lazuli and amethyst
And rose-red — fading, echoing in white.

Then, starry-winged and silver-voiced, in glee

She softly breathed the covenant of Jove
To all on Earth who, wondering, reverently
Knelt in his praise; and as they grateful rose,
The arch of Iris melted in the sea.

Muse of my song, your dream-spun charms release!

Iris has vanished in her mist of peace;

The skies grow dim — the last low chords must cease.

— CORINNE REIMAN, '14

NIGHT

Across the dying radiance of the west

Gray twilight throws her dusky mantle dim,
The weary breeze sinks softly to his rest

And all is hushed, while on the eastern rim

Of yonder sky, as fades the purple light,
With noiseless step moves on the dark robed Night.

Slow rises she, as loath to show her face
Ere twilight vanishes, and slower still,
With step majestic, issues from her place
Behind the crest of the far, darkling hill,
Steals o'er the plain, across the lake and by
Valley and hill that hushed and drowsing lie.

About her tall, vague form a mantle flows
Of somber black and flecked with stars that shed
A pale, cold light as musingly she goes
Along her way, and from her downcast head
Shines forth a crescent, ever sparkling there,
Deep in the black profusion of her hair.

So through the long hours, wrapt and dreaming deep,
Still Night strolls on and pauses oft where lies
A wide-eyed blossom that forgets to sleep,
And with her cool hands gently shuts its eyes,
Or, with her finger to her lips, she stills
The wind, grown restless in the vales and hills.

Now on the margin of a lake she stands,
Her star-lit robe, reflected, glitters bright,

And slowly lifts away with quiet hands
The mystic veil that ever shrouds her sight,
Deep in the mirror of the mere to trace
The wondrous beauty of her pale, sweet face.

A gentle breeze awakened stirs and sighs,
A ripple moves the image at her feet,
And brooding Night lifts then her pensive eyes
And gazes toward the eastern sky to greet
The first, faint light of the rose-fingered day,
Then veils her eyes and musing, steals away.

—ELEANORE MYERS, '12

GOD OF THE SPRING

What did you say to young Andromache,
Crying by a green mound?
Was it a petal blown on her bent head,
Or the sweet whispered sound
Of grasses quivering as you came through
The meadows and woods to her,
Or your gay eyes peering around a tree,
That made her sigh and stir?
She rose and stood on tiptoes by the grave,
Heard music sweet and wild
That told her you had come; and then, her tears
Wet in her eyes, she smiled.

—SARAH ELIZABETH RODGER, '30

A SHEPHERD BOY SEES PAN

I looked down from a hill on tip-toed feet . . .

All around

Was a sound

Of wind-breathed music, riotous and sweet.

Below me was a wood

Whose dryads raised their arms in ecstasy,

Tossing up soft leaves tauntingly at me,

And I felt wild — and good.

Between the leaves I watched you enter here —

Out of space —

And the place

Was filled with wild wood-notes that fled your pipes in
fear.

You slapped the trees in glee,

And then caressed them if they seemed to start —

I saw you were possessed of half a heart,

But half of you was free!

Your piping beckoned hosts of forest folk,

And I laughed

As you chaffed

Wild fauns who danced in glee and never spoke.

While riotous and weird,
The spirit of the forest entered me,
And for one marvelous moment *I* was free —
And then you disappeared.

Your joyous music with you vanished fleet . . .
Thrilled and pained,
I remained,
Still peering from my hill on tip-toed feet.

— ETHEL BARNETT, '28

P A N

There's darkness on Olympus now.
And on the peaks that Iris trod
The ghosts of old immortals nod
And shiver, and along the brow
Of cliffs once radiant, looms the grief
Of ruins, crumbling in the clouds,
All smothered in their dreary shrouds,
The cobwebs of men's unbelief.

It was so long ago! Why should we weep
Because the gods are dead?

They lived too high!

Perhaps the stars were grieved to watch them die;
Men hardly noticed when they sank to sleep.



They shared too little all our common joys.
But Pan — he was a lover of the earth!
Of mellow fields, and flocks, and wind-blown mirth,
Of all the rustic fun of shepherd boys.

How could *he* die, while youth still dances on
Along the road light-footed laughter goes,
While grass is soft, and dawns the same warm
rose?

How could the sunshine live, and he be gone?

.

'Twas so we dreamed of Pan one golden day
When spring had made a laughing-stock of death,
And life eternal sparkled in each breath.

“ Ah, surely he will answer us! ” we'd say,
And tossed our laughter and a song to May.

That spring-song passed away along with light;
The warm, blue dusk, like incense on the hills,
Was filled with silence, and we bent our wills
In vain to catch his piping — And the night
Was emptiness to us!

For now we know
The shadows of oblivion had passed
Across the sunshine of Pan's soul at last,
As they had blotted out Olympus too.

And yet, as we turned homeward through the mist
Of evening, with the moonlight in our eyes,
Through shadow lands, aquiver with the sighs
Of dreaming things, our weary hearts kept tryst
With some great power that smiled behind the dark,
With some kind presence that we felt and knew
In secret tree-tops, and the cool white dew;
Our joy sprang upward like a sudden spark!
The silence spoke an answer to our song:
Although his pipes — his dancing, went the way
Of other gods — immortal for a day,
The soul of Pan lived on, eternal — strong.

Our hearts were rich with springtime joy again,
And close about us in the dark, it seemed
Another heart throbbed back!
We had not dreamed
Our dream of Pan's eternity in vain!

—FRANCES SWAN BROWN, '21

PAN AT DUSK

All day long have my strong feet sped up the mountains,
Leapt the chasms that mocked with their flowers beneath
me,

Dared the ultimate heights and laughed from their summits —

Now I am weary.

All day long has Zephyrus ceased from his crooning,
Stilling his lyre to hark when my reed was piping
Songs far sweeter than any the stars might fashion,
Singing together.

Once as I thrilled the heart of the flushing laurel,
So that her cheeks grew pallid (I saw her tremble),
Came from the copse a maiden with eyes of wonder,
Eyes of enchantment.

Wrought from the untold flowers of countless spring-times,
Moulded from all the laughter and tears of the ages,
Builded from out the dreams that men dream of Helen,
Ah, how I loved her!

One swift glance as I silenced my reed to marvel,
One swift glance at the poor goat's feet that have made me
Almost a god — and with one little cry she has fled me —
Now I am weary.

Gone the desire to race with the wind on the hilltops,
Feel on my lips the insatiate kiss of the morning,
Follow a beckoning dream till I stumble on Evening
Lying in ambush.

Ah, to be only a man! and when Day has departed,
(Smiling a golden smile for thought of the morrow)
Wearily turn toward the windows that shine in the twilight,
Bidding me welcome;

Slowly to trudge down the lane with a quickening heart-beat —
(Hush! in the darkness a child's clear, radiant laughter!)
Then to the lilt of a lullaby's croonèd insistence,
Softly to enter.

That were the lot of a man — (cold, cold by the river —)
Mine, to go hungry, a-chill, down the long generations,
Cursed, for the face of fair Death immortality bars me
Ever beholding.

All of my strength would I give, and all of my power —
My power to woo from the earth the shaft of the crocus,
Whisper bright courage to daffodil hearts that would
falter,
Fearful of winter;

All of the love that these hearts have given into my
 keeping
(Always the flowers have loved me!) and all of the
 fearful
Thrill of my pipe — all these would I gladly surrender,
 But to be human.

Vain the desire — mine ever the lot of the half god:
All of man's longing and none of a god's contentment —

.

Zeus, who art merciful, keep me this night from remem-
 bering

 Eyes of enchantment.

 — FRANCES C. COCKE, '21

PAN

Hedged in by skyey trees,
 Over the stone and leaf-strewn earth,
Across the silver-shadowed streams,
 In windy mirth,
Glad to have lost our way,
 We wander through the forest places
Like singing birds astray,
And glimpse between the boughs
 Laughing, elusive faces.
 O, sweet nymphs, be kind.

Whisper down the leafy wild as a woodmaid can,

Whistle down the wind,

Where may we find

The god? Where is Pan?

Echo answers: Pan?

On the wave-struck waste full-length he lies

And looks out sleepily.

His rough curls are in his eyes,

The murmurous sea

Beats forever in his ears.

The salt waves sob re-echoing crash and roar;

Only the foam-flecked deep he hears,

And sees only the wrack upon the shore.

(Sweet nymphs be kind.)

Shaggy-limbed, earth-stained, deep-eyed,

Does he wander through the wood,

Lonely, undescried?

By god nor man quite understood,

Earth-crowned, heaven-denied.

(Whisper down the leafy wild as a woodmaid can.)

By some unshaken pool

He harks the golden-throated birds

In the twilight cool,

Piping for them tenderer words

Than the sad bulbul.

(Where may we find

The god? Where is Pan?)

Where sunlight slowly filters down
To the dank earth, leaf-patterned, sweet with spring,
Amid gray boulders where the bluebells swing,

We wander in a dream.

Hark you! A broken laughter in the glen,
A plash within the ripple-ruffled stream,
Bright peering eyes,
A furry scampering,
A goat-hoofed god-gleam!

Echo, cry again.

The moving waters murmur in the dusk,
Still Dian rises, virgin-cold and slow,
Washing the waves with silver.

Low, ah low,

The wind stirs through the reeds, the river croons
Among the nodding grasses to the deep.

From a reed's core breathe wood and wave again

A half-Elysian music fused with pain.

The night-hum rises and the sky grows wan: —
Rustle and song and long sigh on the sea.
Oh hark! the pipes of Pan.

— BABETTE DEUTSCH, '17

PAN

OLD THRENODY

(TO BE SUNG AT THE RITES OF THE DYING GOD)

I have not tired of the hills,
Nor lain my fill in the grass,
And here you come blowing, cold wind.

I know that the sun is lying
Hot on the scattered kine,
And the little black goat is trying
To dance in the tangled vine,
But an old wind shakes the pine,
And the low gulls are crying.

I have loved the noontide trailing
Its flame on the turning sky,
And the warm pain in the wailing
Of ewes, but the flock goes by
With udders rank and dry,
And the yellow light is failing.

Something bright is dying.
It will live again
When the new birds are flying.

But now only the rain
And an ashen dusk remain,
And a deep unrest, and a sighing.

I have not tired of the hills,
Nor lain my fill in the grass,
And here you come blowing, cold wind.

—HELEN DEUTSCH, '27

PAN

IN ARCADY

No man who ever walked in Arcady
Can cloud the look of listening in his eyes.
Two silent things, the crusted trunks of trees
And languid bits of sun that wanly gild
With light a twisted root or blackened stone,
Are woven with a single, even note
Of distant ecstasy, a wisp of sound
That creeps into the rustling of the leaves
And fills the drowsy canopy of song
With rapture alien to the common talk of birds.
No man who ever found the river there,
And heard, in the wild spring stirring of its grass,
The music almost grow into a song

Of such high sweetness that the hillside shook,
Can take away his reason still untouched.
Let no man wander near the haunts of Pan
And seek a quiet, born of trees and earth,
Lest he be deafened by the whispered notes
And hear a wind of madness through the reeds.

— JOSEPHINE GARWOOD, '27

PAN

I, wandering, saw the sheep enter the fold,
And far across the plain the mountains rise;
Their snow capped peaks tower to the skies,
And all the glory of the sunset hold,
Deep tinged with rose and violet and gold.
The mead all still in misty shadow lies,
And from the dim-lit wood before mine eyes
I hear sweet whisperings and songs of old.
O, Pan, thy music sounds from out the leaves,
When through the trees the gentle breezes blow,
I hear the voice of nature calling me.
What care I for thy feasts and revelries,
Thy pranks and wiles, and all thy blustering show,
Hail Pan, God's out of doors, all hail to thee!

— LUCY KARR, '17

PAN

I am Pan, I am Pan, I am god of the woods,
Of the colorful woods, the dear wild woods;
I am theirs, they are mine, we are one, we are mated,
They are my dwelling and I am their life.
They have no words to embody their meaning,
Only half whispers that sigh and are lost;
I am their voice which sings without ceasing,
Morning songs, evening songs, songs of glad passion,
Winter songs, summer songs, songs of mad yearning.
I have made me a pipe from the reeds of the marshes,
And water and wind and air and bright sunlight
Have helped in the making; and forth shall come music
That maddens and soothes and hurts and brings pleasure,
That haunts in the night time and lures by the day.

Follow me, follow me,
I am piping and singing,
I am dancing and playing;
The whole world shall follow.
Fitful and sullen winds,
Calm and capricious winds,
Circling from out the sky,
Hark to my singing —
Hark, and then, moved to joy,
Follow me, follow me.

Hot, sun-flecked, wilful streams,
Bent on their mad way,
Hush to my wooing note,
Pause; then in wild delight
Leap, join in dancing;
Follow me, follow me,
Men, strong and goodly men,
Youthful and aged men,
Maidens and children
All, all with eagerness,
Leaving their plodding life
All, all shall follow!

You will come, you will come, to my dear wild woods,
The way lies through marshes of quivering reed,
And each reed is a pipe, and you all may play,
If you will but learn of me, of Pan.
I will lead where the sunlight lies gold on the field,
I will lead where the oak-trees, in nymph-haunted beauty,
Are shaken by sudden and sweet, blithe winds.
Open your foolish hearts to my singing;
Sit with me, here on the black, moist earth;
I will pipe till the spirit of woods and of sunlight,
Of streams and of winds, of reeds and of marshes,
Shall dance here before me, shall dance to my song,
For I am their master; I am Pan!

— CAROL LORENZ, '16

LO, THIS IS PAN!

I

A silence filled the wood; silence as deep
As that of a young mother bending o'er her babe asleep.

Silence as dread

As the first agony when one conceives

A loved one dead.

Black stillness shrouded all the purple trees

And darkness crushed the whisper of a breeze.

Then broke the ebon quiet of the night.

The woods shrilled with a sound

Like cries of women borne away as slaves,

And shrieks of children tortured by a man

The traveler heard; rigid he sensed

The pipes of Pan.

Pan —

His trampling hoofs stained red

With mangled berries that had bled;

A nymph with torn hair and dust white face

Fled from the leering god's embrace.

Harshly as on he crashed his savage way

He laughed to see a bearded satyr cease from play

And in his terror kill a moth; its pale wings fluttered,
then were still;
Near by a young faun cowered; quivering, his comrades
ran before the half beast ravaging;
The youth crouched low, and sobbed,
“Lo, this is Pan!”

II

Behind the vaporous hills arose the sun,
Laughed at his kiss the waters one by one.
The youth awoke,
The soft warm air
Moved languorously through his hair.
And at his feet a violet smiled, lustrous with drops of
dew
That fell from the veiled, slender puffs of cloud
Which dotted heaven's blue.
Then filled the misty quiet of the dawn
Such strains as lovers' voices, little children's laughter,
and the smileful tears
Of one who greets a warrior home from battle after years.
Joyous the youth beheld the great god Pan.

Pan —

His cloven hoofs
Trode lightly on the flower-dappled sod.

A little faun crept close, embracing his great knee;
Near by a satyr caught a butterfly; its bright wings
fluttered, then he let it fly in glee.
Of sylvan nymphs appeared a riant band,
Who danced, hand in locked hand,
About the gentle god, half man.
Their floating garments made
An opalescence round him as he played.
Exulted then the youth:
"Lo, this is Pan!"

— EDITH M. MENDEL, '22

SONG OF PAN

Come, ye nymphs of the foam-wreathed seas,
Come where the hyacinths are springing,
Come, Oreads coy and white-armed Naiades,
And list to my woodland singing,
Fair is my realm of eternal spring,
Where Time is chained and I am king.
Mine are fields and pebbly rills,
The rose-strewn grottoes are mine,
Mine the valleys and grass-girdled hills,
And the nymph-haunted forests of pine.
Dance for gladness!
Sheer spring-madness!

Honey and garlands lay at my shrine,
For I am the oak-crowned Pan divine!

The flowers are awake when the mist-clouds have flown,
And Helios' steeds cross the bars,
Dewy-eyed Dawn kisses buds newly blown,
When the Night from her veil shakes the stars.

Echoes ringing!

Gladness flinging!

Shepherds, on shepherds, lead out flocks and herds.

Dryads dancing!

Satyrs prancing!

Rustics, O heed ye the call of the birds.

Dian's chasing, nymphs are racing, for a golden day's
begun;

Blossoms blowing, fountains flowing, look up, mortals,
to the Sun!

When Apollo's chariot high

Rides midway across the sky,

Then with rustics, fauns, and satyrs, to the woods I lead
the way,

To the shadows, quivering cool,

By a silver shimmering pool

Rest we, sheltered from the bright eye of the burning hot
noonday,

Moss our couch is, liliated pillows,
Curtained by the waving willows.
Sweet our pipings like the sun gods, ravishing the ear
of man,
See! the purling waters flowing,
Softly Zephyrus is blowing,
Ah, the idly gliding hours! Know ye, 'tis the reign of
Pan!

— MERCEDES MORITZ, '16

P A N

I am Pan!
I shout from the clouds my glorious name
As I stride knee-deep through the smoking mists,
God of the green glimmering woods and hills,
God of the tremulous streams — not I!
I am Pan — god of everything!
The sky is my home and the stars are my toys,
The gleaming eyes of my myriad bats,
Evilly winking throughout the long night,
Flitting and drifting on velvet wings,
Till I fling my sun out into the sky.
I laugh as my sun rolls higher and higher,
And I juggle with moon and sun and world.
One I threw far out to the boundless north
But the wind sent it back on an icy blast
Sailing high, sailing swift with the lean gray geese,

And my world, it was charred and black,
Its soul was all ashes and it came back a moon.
Another I threw to the gates of Olympus,
And Jove held it high in his broad-fingered hand,
And all hot from the frowns of that mighty god,
Lit by a spark from his burning eyes,
He flung back my world — a sun.
One I threw far over the great blue wall
Built 'twixt the dreams of gods and men
And the gods tossed it back with a dreamer's soul —
A thing of the marshlands and dim, distant hills,
The moan of the waves and the rain on the leaves,
Caught from the wind-swept harp of the gods —
My world was no longer a plaything of clay!
I stop in my game with my giant toys
And stand gazing long on that tremulous soul,
So strange and so new to my wondering eyes,
And when the aching soul flits forth
On dusky wings through the ancient pines
To brood o'er black-mouthed tarns,
I venture in search of its hidden grief
And find it alone in the quiet woods
Sipping faint drops of immortality
Which drip from the rocks of silence and the dark.
Then I hear the faint prayers of that soul
Seeking the waters of eternal light,

And my heart sings aloud with the joy of my strength
And the power to give to my plaything its wish.
So striding down through the glorious clouds
I lead the soul still further on
To some far distant brooding hill
Seared with great scars of rough gray stone;
I stand beside it, silent and stark
As some great oak
Twisting its branches into the western sky
Black against molten gold.
And here I give the soul long draughts
Of space and stars and unseen moons,
Till I see mirrored deep in its shining depths
The gold-gleaming dust of my pointed stars
And the slow silent drift of the quiet snow
As Jove shakes the years from his hoary beard,
And the sigh of the wind as it wings through space;
The soul has drunk deep of the dreams of the gods,
My toys and the gods — they are one!
And what care I for the wrath of the gods?
I am Pan!
I ride on the lightning's forked flashes
And rock in the north wind's wild gale,
Hurling the comets out into the night,
I laugh at the starshine which follows their trail.

— EDITH PETTY SHEARN, '22

PAN

THE PIPER

Little goat-footed god of the herdsmen,
Shock-headed, sweet-tuned player of reeds,
Tune thy shrill notes for the flower-draped dryads,
Trippingly stepping on pearl-sandaled feet.

Garrulous Echo, thy unseen companion,
Echo, the mimic, the lees of the voice,
Unfettered, yet rock-bound, Arcadian goddess,
Catches and mirrors the glints of thy song.

Pine needles drop at thy frost-tinkling pipe notes,
Soft-throated west winds whisper and sigh,
The stumbling stream and the trill charmed grass-blades
Falter, self-silenced, and willingly slighted.

O, Great Pan, Little Pan, god of the herdsmen,
Dweller on mountains and smother of seas,
Cease not thy honey-tuned ripple of singing,
Bid us dream onward, and dreaming — still worship.

—MARGARET STANLEY, '28

PERSEPHONE

Have you ever thought of her after she went down
To the weird green-grayness and the tense, thick quiet,
Sitting slim and still on an evil-glinting throne,
With her little, white face and her somber crown?
Have you ever thought of her, wordless and alone,
In the heavy, dragging quietude of doom,
With her wan hands folded and her wild feet still,
Like the stiff, cold image on a girl child's tomb?
And never, never peace on her small, peaked face,
The long, grave peace that is after hope's death;
All her white loveliness a poignant waiting
For the tremor of the earth at its first-drawn breath.

—HELENE BERMAN, '31

AUTUMN WORLD

DIONYSUS TO PERSEPHONE

Let me depart, my lady; let me go.
What love have I for bitter, angered winds
That pierce the silken thinness of my robe?
What care I for the barren, fruitless trees
That stoop so gaunt and graceless, 'gainst the sky?
Let me depart, my lady, let me go.

Weep not for me, my lady; nay, weep not.

'Twas but a fleeting day we dwelt together;
The sun hot on our heads we danced together
With keen limbs drawn and fleet foot all aquiver,
The wild, white maids in chorus madly whirling;
Now I am old and weary; let me go.

Let me depart, my lady; let me go.

I cannot dance, nor toss this haggard head,
Nor sing, nor wreath with ivy these white hairs.
I long to know the dust close o'er my eyes,
And fold the earth a blanket round my bones.
Let me depart, my lady; let me go.

Weep not for me, my lady; nay, weep not.

The sun is cold now on my aged head;
No longer shall I see the wild, white maids;
No longer shall I feel dew on my throat,
Or catch the stream of breezes in my hair.
For I am old and weary; let me be.

Let me depart, my lady; let me go.

What love have I for bitter, angered winds?
What care I for the barren, fruitless trees?
I long to know the dust close o'er my eyes,
And fold the earth a blanket 'round my bones.
Let me depart, my lady; let me go.

—BEATRICE R. FRIEDMAN, '30

PERSEPHONE

THE SEARCH

. . . First the dripping Naiads did she ask,
But naught they knew, and nothing could they tell.
The sunburnt Fauns had seen her not for long;
And all the shouting Satyrs in the dell,
Boisterous and rude, could nothing comfort her.
And Pan himself was impotent at last.
Then fleeting winds sighed through the freezing trees,
And all of life was stale, and night did part
The days short-cut. Then time itself grew cold,
While sodden sorrow weighed the mother's heart.

—ELLEN LEWIS, '32

TO POSEIDON

O thou plunging, puissant Poseidon,
Lord of Aegae, god of the wine-dark sea;
Ask not unblemished hecatombs, when ships
Have need of thee.

Come from the grassy groves of Onchestus,
Leave the long-maned steeds that you tame.
Punish the rampant winds, riving the deep;
Put them to shame.

Now upon your purple plain, they clash
In whistling fury, in shrieking rage,
While boiling billows and white-lipped waves
Havoc presage.

The hollow ships and black-prowed galleys
Bank the shapely oars that winged their course,
And shudder in the surges' fierce embrace,
Ravished by force.

The cruel winds mock Amphitrite's grief.
Her Nereids swell the sea with tears;
Anon they call upon their dark-haired lord;
Poseidon hears.

Hail then, girdler of the earth; your trident gleams,
Your finny coursers rear above the waves.
You come, you smite, the coward winds disperse;
Poseidon saves.

Then from your double toil you rest a while,
Leaving the troubled waters that subside;
To your templed grotto at Taenarum
You gently ride.

And there you softly sink in lambent dreams;
You sleep with all your glorious band;
Chastened, the winds sigh, and lapping waves make
Music on the sand.

— BEATRICE CRAFER, '24

TO POSEIDON

I stood aghast

By the lingering shore of the swirling stream
Where the waters eddied in guttural dream
And slimily passed —

Now from the menacing, turbulent sky,
Blackened with clouds that swept heavily by,
Dull flashes of red, half-luridly gleamed;
Now serpentlike tongues of sibilant fire
Streaked downward and leapt and twisted with ire
And distorted the earth and rent it asunder;

Now in the distance the ominous thunder
Rumbled disjointly — and never the flood
That gushed from the earth, deep sullied with mud,
Swept onward and downward, in race to the sea,
A thousand wild streams let suddenly free.

On to the sea! Out to the sea!

On to the turbulent, bellowing sea!

They madly raced by,
And madly, exultingly with them raced I!

Wild, dark with the storm winds —
 Droningly loud in its roar —
Strong, fierce, with the storm winds —
 Crude in its beat on the shore,
Dark, fearful with pulsing,
 Monotone, dull in its pound,
Cruel, scornful with pulsing,
 Petulant, wild in its sound. . . .

I closed my eyes in horror
 At that wild, white waste of sea,
And I thought of the mud-swelled waters
 That rushed to it hungrily.
I saw how the land swayed inward,
 Was snatched at and clutched by the sea,
How the sands at the depths of the waters,
 Spat forth in vomiting glee
A bare, new strip of island,
 That shrank from the breath of the sea.
I was swayed by the shattering power,
 By the ruinous force I was bowed
Of the great sea-god Poseidon,
 And while I hated, I prayed aloud:

Thou powerful shaker
Of rock-bedded earths,
Thou mighty destroyer
Of man-built places,

Relentless submerger
Of peoples and races
And maddened uphurler
Of islanded spaces,
Let no man defy thee,
Let no man yet dare,
Too bold, to decry thee,
Thy wrath unaware!
For wild is the water,
And wild is the wind,
And wild is the fire
You loosen or bind.
Lo, wretched I cower
In fear of thine ire,
And in fear of thy power
I bow to thee.
Cruel and pitiless god of the sea!
Rams will I slay for thee,
Bulls, black as ebony,
Pines will I strip for thee,
Weave them in wreaths for thee,
Hymns will I chant to thee,
Prayers will I raise to thee,
Cruelest divinity,
Raging and pitiless god of the sea!
Was it I dreamed?
Or did I then see

The waters divide
Where the heaving deeps
Sway to the arms of the leaning sky,
And the foam dash high
By chariot wheels?
White horses plough through the
 churning waves,
A trident gleam —
And the god himself?
I know not how . . .
But the taste of the brine
Lay fresh on my lips,
And the cooling sweep
Of the wild, clear winds
Fell keen on my cheeks.
The sea grew still,
In tranquil heaves
It pulsed its ancient melody.
The newborn isle
Gleamed peacefully.

And the calm of the infinite waters
 Throbbled in my soul, and swept
To the dawning glow of the heavens . . .
 And I prayed in my heart, and wept.

—HILDEGARDE DIECHMANN, '18

TO POSEIDON

Sea Spirit! Lo, thy kingdom near and far
Is liquid space, an endless, blue-green depth!
Thine is the surge that gnaws its restless way,
The quivering foam, light-lifted as a gull!
Thine are the billows, black as Hades' vault,
Billows that rear up at eternity
And crash into the chasm of the dark!
Wide, gaping waste! Thy thirsting lips are wet
By every purling stream that wimples down,
By every pool that laps a weedy bank.
Into a crested wave to drift and melt
Sun-tipped and gold with hurtling spray —
A steed whereon the Nereids may ride —
That is thy destiny!
Or, with a master will to battle mad,
To seethe, and strain the earth herself and air!
Behold thy power. O Poseidon, God!
Soul of the sea — thou might magnificent!

— LENORE GUINZBURG, '19

TO POSEIDON

Born of those ancient Tritons that o'erruled
The provinces of Earth, of Air, and Sea,

Amid the hurtling thunder-torrents schooled

Of primal war, when Cronos yielded thee
Unfettered Ocean for thy trident's sway,

To rule as god;

Then from thy golden palace in the deeps

Of blue Aegean seas, thy will outleaps!

Odysseus' ships become as beads of spray

By winds flung wide, disdained, then thrust away

To sate thy wrath;

Or fleet Pegasus dips to Helicon

To bring thy message to unbending pride

That stills the song.

But that was long ago! —

Wise men have cried,

“The gods are dead, their darkness and their fear!

The olden faith in glittering fragments lies;

Their broken altars crumble, and we rear

New temples to the unseen powers

That chain the universe in ordered law,

Its circling suns, the puny earth, and seas.”

Yet in our human longing we may say

This cannot all be true;

What may we feel

By a stretch of sandy beach

Where sounding chords are made

In the tireless surge and reach
Of silver curving wave;
Where gulls in their darting low
May merge in a white foam-crest,
And the billowed clouds go slow
On their march into the west;
And the wide horizon's sweep,
Where a voyaging ship may pass,
Is lost in the blue-green deep
Where sky and water mass.

And yet again where darkling storm-winds whip
Green, towering waves to lash the high-piled rocks,
Have I not seen thy sea-horse toss his mane
Of burnished gold, and flash his brazen hoof
Where the huge waters spend their wildest force; —
Was not that dark thy flowing locks of black
In fillet bound; that gleam of filmy white
Thy chariot of shell, and that fierce note
Of breaking surf thy loud exultant laugh?

In the untrammelled elements of storm and sea
We feel the wonder-power that made thee god,
And what was legend once may yet be true,
Beyond the knowledge man may call his own.

— ANNA LINCOLN, '23

A RHODESIAN CHARIOTEER'S PRAYER TO
POSEIDON BEFORE THE ISTHMIAN
GAMES AT CORINTH

O God, and son of Goddess Mother, hear!
I claim Rhodes as my home. It is for her
I dare to clasp my hands in prayer to thee,
I dare to raise my voice as suppliant,
I even dare to touch thy chiseled self.
For did not Rhea, bearer of great Zeus,
Give thee, while still a babe, unto the care
Of the Tilchines, men who looked upon
The seagirt Rhodes as home? And from those rocks
The first sight of thy future kingdom saw?
O great Poseidon, the water's lord,
I know a longing in thy bosom stirs
For Rhodes, thy childhood home. I know each wave
Cries out thy thankfulness against her cliffs;
And most exultant art thou that she lies
Against thy breast, enfolded by thy seas.
I love her, too, and give my love winged words
That they may rise to thee and plead for her.
Live memories of wave-kissed shore, of sun,
And pastures of sweet-scented grass, where grazed
Thy coursers, fleet of foot. See this we share.
O let me glorify her in thy name!

I pray to thee, her foster-son. Breathe, breathe
Into my steeds the spirit of this wish:
That like an arrow loosened from a bow
That dares to rival Aeolus himself
As through the air it flies, and leaving all
Behind it, strikes the target ere the string,
By the discharge set singing, is silent: —
So may my racers, charging down the course,
Lead the others — and thus gain the wreath.
O mighty bearer of the trident, deign
To listen to this boon I ask. Before
The bright Aurora from her billowed sleep
Arises, here as a suppliant I pray.
Against the beatings of my heart, thy feet I press
Until I warm them by my body's fire.
But O thy limbs, thy thighs, thy very heart
Is still unchanged and cold. If by my breath
Thou couldst for one brief moment live to guide
My steeds on to the goal — take thou my life.
If by my blood, I could but change this cold,
White marble form of thine — I pour it out.
Accept my life as offering, great God,
Upon the victory of my steeds.

Victory!

— JEANETTE MIRSKY, '24

TO POSEIDON

STROPHE A

Whether thou walkest on the misty shore

When night descends from out the purple east,
Or roamest far beneath the water's roar,
Upon the pearl'd floor

Of the deep-heaving, cool, translucent sea,
Fathom on fathom, where eternally

Lie sunken fanes whose shadowy gods have ceased
Long centuries to be;

Whether through languid groves thou hast thy way,
Dim with old moss and monstrous water-growth,
Which only thine all-hallowed footstep know'th,
Where never stray

The feet of man except unto his death,

But only quiet flashes dark and drowse

Among the sapless leafage of the swaying boughs;
Or if I find thee in some sterner mood,

Across the waves and past the desolate caves

Lashing thy foaming horses till they champ and
rear . . .

Earth-shaker! Storm-breaker!

Lord God Poseidon, hear!

STROPHE B

Out of that fearful time when the universe with strife,
Out of the mighty death that brought us the living life,
Thou, and the dreadful Twain, sprang from the tumult
 rife,

 Lords of the world;
He of the aegis leapt high to the Hill divine,
Blazed through the upper air, drunk with his spirit's
 wine,

And from their high estate, gods of the Titan line
 Hellward he hurled;

Dis, through the lower earth, riving his stubborn way,
Hot with the lust of gold, heedless of night or day,
Iron, the god of hate, raged for his hidden prey,
 Conquered his Hell;

But Thou, O tamer of steeds, by the side of the laughing
 sea,

Smote with thy toothèd spear, marking thy boundary;
And the waters heard thy voice and trembled and knew
 thee to be

 Their lord full well.

ANTISTROPHE A

And thou didst wed thee with the surging sea,
 With Amphitrite of the snowy arms

And twinèd braids, and her to dwell with thee
In equal sovereignty,
Brought from the Naxian shore. For in the tide
Of sweet spring weather, when the sea was wide
 With laughter and low music and long calms,
Thou, with thy dolphin guide,
 Wandered afar, smit with divine unrest
And mighty longing; and the sea below
Was troubled sore . . . ; but Eros hearkened low
 And smiled and guessed.
And when the summer budded from the spring,
 He led thee to the borders of a land
 Where the white Nereids danced and sang along the
 spangled strand;
And in their midst, and shining like a star,
Gleamed Amphitrite in Love's purple light . . .
 Love laughed; and on the air the bridal song rang
 clear . . .
Earth-shaker! Storm-breaker!
 Lord God Poseidon, hear!

ANTISTROPHE B

Thou who Oceanus smote from his ancient throne,
Thou who in Tartarus flung him to pine along,
Thou who didst claim the seas and the wrinkled shores
 thine own,

Hark to our prayer!

Thou who from that dim time art, and shalt be for aye,
Who yet the greater world holdest beneath thy sway,
Thou who hast given to us, yea, and canst take away,

Hark to our prayer!

For we remember well when Tempe rose from the sea,
And many a vale as fair we claim as a gift from thee,
These, and the art of ships and the swift steed's mastery,
Holder of Earth!

Still may our first-fruits blaze bright on the fire divine,
Still may thy soul rejoice, when it drinks of thy sea-dark
wine,

Still may our black ships ride safe on thy heaving brine!
Shaker of Earth!

—LEILA TAYLOR, '18

TO POSEIDON

Sing, O muse, of the dark-haired earth-shaker,
Till my lofty measure is attuned
Unto the grandeur of the breaking sea,
And mounts upon the pinions of the air,
Like amber-quilled gulls that curve and soar,
Above the furrowed visage of the ocean,
A salt and bitter ocean, dark and restive
With the pent-up secrets of the ages!

Of endless waters that enchain the earth,
Of tides primeval and eternal, sing!

All hail! Poseidon, Thunderer of Waters!
We are the age-old voice of all the men
Of earth, that ocean's glistening coils engird!

I am Takawa of the frozen north.
Beneath the frosty polar stars, I leap
The yawning crags and scale the beetling reefs
Of living ice that wall the frozen sea.
My heart is wild and cold as the barren ice,
Cold as my glinting spear that inward bites
The sleek, wet seal upon the creaking floes.

I am Agasha, son of desert sands;
In orient wastes I sit the pawing stallion,
Superb achievement, wrought of the sea-god's art.
Around my ears I feel the rush of winds,
All parched and laced with sand, as I outcourse
The sudden desert thieves that set upon me,
And urge my straining steed beyond the desert
To wheel and skirt the packed and slimy sands,
Where shifting waters wash my hoof prints smooth!
Upon my horse's flank the foaming sweat
Stands white as climbing spray against the rocks.

I am Coreto, harvester of seas!
My heritage the vast dishevelled main!
And from the vessel's soggy deck I watch
The beaked prow that preens the ruffled deep,
Where, heavy with the spoils of sagging nets,
The fisher-craft spread out their sails for Corinth,
Where bold Phoenician ships from distant Ophir,
Treasure-heaped and redolent of spice,
Careen upon the gray and troughing waves.

Eternal Sea, O Power infinite!
When finite tongues shall tell and celebrate
The darting venom of thy turbulence,
That snarls along the shore like wolves at bay,
The languid rippling gloss of thy repose,
Thy aspiration measureless shall train
Their accents to thy towering magnitude,
Until they set at naught the ancient claim
Of dust to dust, and live a tribe immortal.
In the beginning the brooding spirit moved
Upon the face of the chaotic waters,
Bringing forth the sheer, embattled cliffs,
The arching hills and forest fastnesses,
The stooping plains that hurried rivers trace;
And after — men! Brief sparks that turn their several
turns

Within the destined orbit of their spheres
And have their setting, even as the stars;
While ever neck to neck with tireless time,
The sea heaves in and wrestles with the shore.
Poseidon, trident-girt! We are the earth-born.
Restless Titans, in our transient prime,
And vaunting gods in our colossal aims;
Yet falterings creep in that question all
And shake the fire of human aspiration.
When echoed through the caverns of despair,
A deep sonorous trump reverberates, —
The challenge of thy great, persistent sea!
And noble minds press on with leaping hopes
To reach afar, and touch the trailing robes
Of heaven in their quickened exaltation.

— MARGARET TRUSLER, '23

TO POSEIDON

The heart of morn has spread its rosy glow
O'er dawn's soft-floating veil of misty gray;
Within Earth's sheltering arm alert to go,
The ships await the first-born breeze of day.
There stands, before each daring, upturned prow,
True sons of Earth and thee — O hear them pray —

“Hark! Hear! Poseidon, lord of the wide-flung sea!
Hark to our song, to our pleading prayer, as fearful we
cry to thee.

Out, out to the rise of day our laden ships would fare.
Guide thou the swinging sails that trust thy favor'd
care!

Grant thy protection from wrathful cloud and wave,
From sodden calm by arid shore,
From bolting fire, from thunder's roar,
Grant thy protection! Stretch out thine arm, and
save!”

Apollo's gold has risen in lonely pride
High up within the deepest blue of sky;
The ships are gone across the glaring tide.
Tall, white-robed figures toward thine altar steal
And stand aloof, their hands upraised in prayer;
Within thy deep sea walls, harken to their appeal!

“The bees and insects hum above the meadow's soft,
green floor;
Tall trees spread wide their branches; far above the wild
fowl soar;
Through woodland mazes slip the deer, sure-footed,
clean-limbed, light;

In cold and mossy caverns lurk the prowling beasts of
night.

We, mothers of a nation, plead, O God of life, with thee
For food — the hunter's prey, grain, vine, and fruitful
tree!

Great God of water! Mortal life seeks thee on whom it
leans!

The silver-ribboned flow of thy life-bringing, cooling
streams,

The dashing mountain brooklets in their troubled, tum-
bled fall,

For these, great God, O source of all, we plead! On thee
we call!"

In leaden weariness Apollo sinks

To drop beyond the mist of waiting hills

In shifting veils of purples, golds and pinks.

Then in the awesome hush, a silver moon distills

The mystic music that the worn earth lulls,

That sea and shore and woodland with soft magic fills.

The blue woods glimmer with a rush of white!

Adoring youth bursts forth to dance and sing

Before thine altar's glow, in moon-flecked light.

"Great God of spring!

Of moonlit pools with shadowed, murmuring depths!

The woodland sings
To thee; we maidens add our fairest song.
We long for joy,
For full, strong life, joy-giving health we pray;
Thou canst destroy
Or grant these springs whence all life comes!
Immortals know
The fullness of thy power. Man's mind is cramped,
It cannot grow
Beyond the will of gods. O hear our song!
Man's but a spark
That glows an instant in a bed of coals,
And all is dark,
If light be not reflected from the flame."

— MARION BOYD WARREN, '19

TO PROMETHEUS

There is no glory in the shrouded sky.
The furtive fingers of the night have pressed
With soft denial, on the throbbing West,
And beckoned out the glinting stars from high.
Along the surging wind I hear the beat
Of great, unholy wings that wheel and thunder
On fearful ways, impalpable and fleet. . . .
Out of the forest gloom the hordes of Wonder

And sudden shapes of dusk arise to meet
The keen and terrible stars. The somber hills
In grave majestic beauty draw away,
Remembering the day. . . .
And now the dim musk-breathing valley fills
With lifting darkness, cold, incurious night.

Man is an alien beneath the sky!
The earth is hostile in the dark to him,
And the pale hands of Wonder and Affright
Grope on his pathway with a gesture grim,
Evoking far forgotten enmity:
Man's pitiful, strong spirit stands upright
Before the bleak, incredible depths he fears;
And all the subtle terror of old years
Lives in the quiver of a night-bird's cry.
The star-born wind is cold against my eyes,
The marching constellations shimmer white;
What shield have I against insatiate night?

Prometheus, radiant champion of men,
Maker of men from the protesting clay,
Passionate god whom gods and men betray,
Man, with the terrible and searching eyes,
Art thou behind me with thine eager fire?

Is thy strong Titan hand put forth again
As in the younger ages, to inspire
This wistful creature till his spirit flies
Shouting, along the battlements of dread?
Thy fire is dead,
Thy hard-won trust caught up by night, and I
Reach for thy hand beneath an ominous sky. . . .

And now I know that thou art standing near.
Along the fibers of my spirit, burning,
Hungry, and restless runs a living flame!
With an impatient splendor brightly turning,
It purges my ecstatic heart of fear;
Ah, thus to coward man of old it came,
The merciless, brave fire, into his eyes!

Man is a fire!

No shape of wondering clay that throbs and dies,
Mocked by the infinite, by fear pursued,
But the exulting flame thou didst inspire
In man, O Friend immortal! Flaring white
Is man's sublime, eternal fortitude. . . .

The ranks of terror thronging in the skies
Flee from the new-lit splendor in my eyes;
The star-strewn air has shivered into light. . . .
Man's flaming soul goes triumphing through night.

— BEATRICE LAMBERTON BECKER, '20

PROMETHEUS — PROPHET

Pandora wept —

“ Gods, I am mad with the stench of the pestilence
and the smell of the dead!

All of the night must I watch how the fun’ral pyres spot
the darkness with red?

All of the day must I listen to children cry, and the noises
of death?

Only a moment of blindness, of deafened ears, and a
poisonless breath!

‘ Gift of the gods ’ — it is I who am plague and rot,
and the maker of fright;

I who have shrivelled the flowers, who have spoiled the
crops with the foulness of blight;

I who have tortured — I who have slain — I ———!

Only the moonlight is fair as it was before, and the stars
in their sky;

Only the sunlight is warm as it used to be — and that,
too, may die! ”

Pandora wept. Then from his tortured height

There came the answer of Prometheus —

A breath of prophecy across the night:

“ I would have raised them to gods, but my dream was
lost, and my vision in vain.



Eager, untiring the hands that I filled with fire — now
they're crippled in pain.

All for the 'will of the gods.' By their brand of hate
men were blinded to grope,

Beaten to earth. But I fling in the face of despair —
'still Prometheus will hope!'

Children of men are lamenting, Pandora weeps, I will
choke down my cry.

They see only a tomorrow that's sick with woe, I see
hope in the sky.

Out of the sorrow, the warring, the wreck of peace,
there may raise them at last

Kindlier men than the men I was wont to love, in the
free, golden past.

Yea — they may fight a long fight and in some far day,
when they've trod down their odds,

Rise to be nobler than even I dreamed for them — *to be
greater than gods.*"

— FRANCES SWAN BROWN, '21

PROMETHEUS

Throughout the days he stands; his bound hands sigh

Their supplication to the gods, whose ears,

Grown dull long since by the slow drip of tears,

No longer heed the burden of his cry:

“ Oh, ye immortal gods who rest ye soft
On high Olympus where the asphodels
Fling forth glad tidings on their chiming bells
Of laughter and of love; oh, ye aloft,

“ Is there no meed of pity in your eyes?
These many years I suffer for the sake
Of giving man that which he could not take
Himself, and which, despite your jealousies,

“ Ye well could share; and still your wrath belies
The grace men say is yours. For still at break
Of dawn the vulture comes, his thirst to slake,
And still my screams rend the long centuries.

“ . . . The gods are deaf with hate, their hearts are
stone —
Ah, happy gulls that wend your purple way
Across the sea beyond the rim of day,
Ye little know your foam-wrought wings alone

“ Are all a god would wish for, that his breast
(The cursèd shackles broken) might be cast
Against the sunset's fire — so, at last,
That gift, full long his doom, to bring him rest.”

The light fails fast, e'en now the day is blind.
The vulture, sated, climbs the darkened sky.
Night bends above, and listening with a sigh,
Hears but a long, low sobbing on the wind.

— FRANCES C. COCKE, '21

PROMETHEUS' GIFT

From dim-eyed, time-born gods who feared their end
And so held captive that immortal fire,
A quenchless brand, Prometheus, thou didst rend,
And bore it unto man.
But vague and fearful shadows crossed
His drowsy brain,
A cry of wide worlds won and lost,
A heart-wrung strain —
He dared not to thy gift aspire,
But shrank back shivering, wan,
Till thou, placing the flame within his breast,
Gav'st him a soul — desire and fierce unrest.

Young he was in a glorious world,
Swift as a lightning-flash new hurled
His blood was starting.
With the winds of the mountain he shouted and flew
Where the light-footed deer left his trail in the dew,

Over the swirling torrents he leapt,
And tearing asunder the clouds upswept
 To the crags where the worlds have their parting.
He laughed in the face of the heavens unknown,
 Laughed in the pride of his godlike might,
The pillars of rock fell thunder-thrown,
But man, invincible, stood alone,
 Alone on the ultimate height!

Not high enough? Not this? The fire
Flared upward still; the sun burned higher.
 Inexorable flame! Is there no peace,
 Nor through the silence of one night surcease
From infinite desire?

Crash upon murderous crash
 Of trumpet and bronze-wrought spear!
Man, in one terrible flash,
Saw enemies compass him round
To trample him stark in the ground,
 Choked with the ashes of fear.
Grim-glancing and hateful their eyes,
Gray were their knees with dust,
Corroded, their spears with the rust
 Of blood spilt long ago.
Yet man, fire-ardent, defies
 The savage, implacable foe.

O dauntless fool! Back from the sunlit height
His struggling form through voiceless depths they
hurled,
Resisting blindly, down the darkening years,
Until the falling shadows of the night
Clung to the rounded bosom of the world,
Drinking their age-old sustenance of tears,
And men lay silent, dead —
Or so they thought;
But he that first the soaring fire brought,
Prometheus, called above the gods of time,
And through the shallow vault of space there sped
In answer, suddenly, a ray sublime,
Man shod with fire, and above his head
Triumphant, singing tongues of flaming light
In glory of an unsundered fight.
For conquered clay to clay shall turn again,
But from the valiant dust escaping higher,
White through the darkness of an ended pain,
Fire ascends to firmaments of fire.

—AMY S. JENNINGS, '20

INVOCATION TO ZEUS

The curling smoke from altars white doth rise,
The sacred victim, bleating, helpless lies;

And we to Jove our suppliant voices raise
In hymns and holy anthems filled with praise.
Great God, who o'er Olympus hold'st thy sway,
With favoring eyes look on our festal day,
Bring strength and courage to the youths so fair,
And list unto their gently murmured prayer.
With thoughts of Thee, the victor, laurel-crowned,
Doth clear the rope with free and lightsome bound.
For Thee alone the wrestler tries his might,
To win at length Thy crown of glory bright.
And while the archer trims his slender bow,
The hymns to Zeus in strength and fervor grow.
For victory lights upon his modest wing
Who fears the gods and doth their praises sing.

—KATHARINE RUSSELL, '06

—EDITH SOMBORN, '06

SONG FOR THE DANCERS OF THE TEMPLE

When the red rites are done,
And lurid on the altar lies
A poppy pool of blood;
When the frail stars have spun
Their last pale web, before the skies
Open to the sun;
When the red rites are done, are done;

White as the cool moon, fading in the dawn,
Black where the shadows are,
Dancers swirl; —
White, white,
Seeming in the moonlight
Silver and ebony, ebony and pearl.

When the far hills awake,
And sunlight on the altar dims
The consecrated fire;
When on the ambient lake
Of morning the first gull skims
And sees the night clouds break;
When the far hills awake, awake;

White as the gull's wing splashed with the sun,
Blue where the shadows are,
Dancers swirl; —
White, white,
Seeming in the sunlight,
Silver and lazulite, lazulite and pearl.

— HELEN DEUTSCH, '27

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The frontispiece of this volume is a photograph of the statue, *The Spirit of Greek Games*, made by Chester Beach for Barnard College. The other illustrations are from photographs of the Greek Games of 1928 and 1929.

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